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## "THE AWAKENING." Kate Chopin.

\$1.25. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. Pittsburg: J. R. Weldin & Co.

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Collection of Stories, Reviews and Essays*, by Willa Cather

A Creole "Bovary" is this little novel of Miss Chopin's. Not that the heroine is a creole exactly, or that Miss Chopin is a Flaubert--save the mark!--but the theme is similar to that which occupied Flaubert. There was, indeed, no need that a second "Madame Bovary" should be written, but an author's choice of themes is frequently as inexplicable as his choice of a wife. It is governed by some innate temperamental bias that cannot be diagrammed. This is particularly so in women who write, and I shall not attempt to say why Miss Chopin has devoted so exquisite and sensitive, well-governed a style to so trite and sordid a theme. She writes much better than it is ever given to most people to write, and hers is a genuinely literary style; of no great elegance or solidity; but light, flexible, subtle and capable of producing telling effects directly and simply. The story she has to tell in the present instance is new neither in matter nor treatment. "Edna Pontellier," a Kentucky girl, who, like "Emma Bovary," had been in love with innumerable dream heroes before she was out of short skirts, married "Leonce Pontellier" as a sort of reaction from a vague and visionary passion for a tragedian whose unresponsive picture she used to kiss. She acquired the habit of liking her husband in time, and even of liking her children. Though we are not justified in presuming that she ever threw articles from her dressing table at them, as the charming "Emma" had a winsome habit of doing, we are told that "she would sometimes gather them passionately to her heart, she would sometimes forget them." At a creole watering place, which is admirably and deftly sketched by Miss Chopin, "Edna" met "Robert Lebrun," son of the landlady, who dreamed of a fortune awaiting him in Mexico while he occupied a petty clerical position in New Orleans. "Robert" made it his business to be agreeable to his mother's boarders, and "Edna," not being a creole, much against his wish and will, took him seriously. "Robert" went to Mexico but found that fortunes were no easier to make there than in New Orleans. He returns and does not even call to pay his respects to her. She encounters him at the home of a friend and takes him home with her. She wheedles him into staying for dinner, and we are told she sent the maid off "in search of some delicacy she had not thought of for herself, and she recommended great care in the dripping of the coffee and having the omelet done to a turn."

Only a few pages back we were informed that the husband, "M. Pontellier," had cold soup and burnt fish for his dinner. Such is life. The lover of course disappointed her, was a coward and ran away from his responsibilities before they began. He was afraid to begin a chapter with so serious and limited a woman. She remembered the sea where she had first met "Robert." Perhaps from the same motive which threw "Anna Keraninna" under the engine wheels, she

threw herself into the sea, swam until she was tired and then let go.

"She looked into the distance, and for a moment the old terror flamed up, then sank again. She heard her father's voice, and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was a hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air."

"Edna Pontellier" and "Emma Bovary" are studies in the same feminine type; one a finished and complete portrayal, the other a hasty sketch, but the theme is essentially the same. Both women belong to a class, not large, but forever clamoring in our ears, that demands more romance out of life than God put into it. Mr. G. Barnard Shaw would say that they are the victims of the over-idealization of love. They are the spoil of the poets, the Iphigenias of sentiment. The unfortunate feature of their disease is that it attacks only women of brains, at least of rudimentary brains, but whose development is one-sided; women of strong and fine intuitions, but without the faculty of observation, comparison, reasoning about things. Probably, for emotional people, the most convenient thing about being able to think is that it occasionally gives them a rest from feeling. Now with women of the "Bovary" type, this relaxation and recreation is impossible. They are not critics of life, but, in the most personal sense, partakers of life. They receive impressions through the fancy. With them everything begins with fancy, and passions rise in the brain rather than in the blood, the poor, neglected, limited one-sided brain that might do so much better things than badgering itself into frantic endeavors to love. For these are the people who pay with their blood for the fine ideals of the poets, as Marie Delclasse paid for Dumas' great creation, "Marguerite Gauthier." These people really expect the passion of love to fill and gratify every need of life, whereas nature only intended that it should meet one of many demands. They insist upon making it stand for all the emotional pleasures of life and art, expecting an individual and self-limited passion to yield infinite variety, pleasure and distraction, to contribute to their lives what the arts and the pleasurable exercise of the intellect gives to less limited and less intense idealists. So this passion, when set up against Shakespeare, Balzac, Wagner, Raphael, fails them. They have staked everything on one hand, and they lose. They have driven the blood until it will drive no further, they have played their nerves up to the point where any relaxation short of absolute annihilation is impossible. Every idealist abuses his nerves, and every sentimentalist brutally abuses them. And in the end, the nerves get even. Nobody ever cheats them, really. Then "the awakening" comes. Sometimes it comes in the form of arsenic, as it came to "Emma Bovary," sometimes it is carbolic acid taken covertly in the police station, a goal to which unbalanced idealism not infrequently leads.

"Edna Pontellier," fanciful and romantic to the last, chose the sea on a summer night and went down with the sound of her first lover's spurs in her ears, and the scent of pinks about her. And next time I hope that Miss Chopin will devote that flexible, iridescent style of hers to a better cause.

\_Pittsburg Leader\_, July 8, 1899



## WAVE CLOUDS

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cloud Studies*, by Arthur W. Clayden

REFERENCE has already been made on more than one occasion to the remarkable rippled or wavy structure sometimes assumed by clouds. The waves may be of almost any dimensions, from the broad bands into which a sheet of cirro-stratus or of alto-stratus is sometimes divided, down to the most minute ripples. Sometimes they are ranged in long straight lines, sometimes they are bent into sharp angles, and sometimes curved in very elaborate patterns; but whether they be large or small, straight or curved, no one can see them and fail to conclude that they must be due to an action more or less analogous to the causes which produce waves on the sea or ripple marks upon the sand.

Wave clouds occur at all heights where clouds are formed. The break-up of a lifting fog into roller clouds is probably the lowest example, but it may more frequently be seen in higher clouds of the alto or cirrus kinds.

A low example is given in Plate 40, which represents stratus maculosus, and which has already been described. A higher type is shown in Plate 54, which is a wave-like arrangement of alto-cumulus. Rather higher come the long zig-zag bands of Plate 55, in which the stratiform arrangement is more obvious, and which would be best described as a wave-form of alto-stratus. These two plates form striking contrasts. The clouds shown in the first are distinctly of the cumulus order, and a prominent feature is the way in which the right-hand side of each wave has a clear-cut rounded contour like that of the upper edge of a small cumulus, while the left-hand edge of each band is frayed out into a ragged fringe. The whole cloud was moving slowly in a direction nearly, but not quite, at right angles to the waves, and the fringed edge formed the rear. It is evident that this peculiar structure must be due to a series of narrow waves intersecting a plane in which the air is just on the point of producing alto-cumulus. If there were no such waves, the little uprising currents, with their intervening down currents, would be irregularly distributed, and all the wave disturbances have had to do is to arrange them. The consequence is

that as the waves pass along the stratum the air is alternately raised and lowered. Where it is rising condensation takes place, where it is falling evaporation results.

The cloud, like most other wave clouds, did not retain its features for any length of time, but the gaps closed slowly in as the cloud-bands increased in size, until a sheet of alto-stratus was produced. Since the time of day was the morning, it is almost certain that the plane of saturation was rising in accordance with the general law, which is that the planes of condensation rise steadily, until about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and then slowly descend.

In Plate 55 each band is much flatter and less dense. They are just as evidently formed by wave movements intersecting the plane of condensation; but this was formed in the evening when the sun was nearing the horizon, and at a time when the cloud planes are as a rule rapidly descending.

Among the alto clouds wave-forms sometimes persist for a fairly long time, and in this case the bands moved steadily onward in a direction equally inclined to their length and breadth, that is to say, from the bottom left-hand corner of the photograph to the top right-hand corner. As they passed across the sky new bands kept on making their appearance at about the same spot, each band persisting with little change until it had passed out of sight.

Going much higher up into the region of cirrus, we meet with the most minute and delicate ripple clouds. Some of these have already been referred to. They are connected with either cirro-macula, cirro-cumulus, or cirro-stratus, just as the coarser textured waves we have been considering are connected with alto-cumulus or alto-stratus. In Plate 56 we have an example in which we can see the stages in the process. Nearest to the zenith we have cirro-cumulus, which is here and there irregularly distributed, but is generally arranged in delicate ripples, which are variously curved. Nearer the horizon the troughs of the waves are filled in, and sheets of cirro-stratus are the result. Here, again, the wave-form is evidently not typical. It is an arrangement of either cirro-cumulus or cirro-stratus, produced by the intersection of the plane of condensation by a series of wave movements.

The arrangement is, however, so striking a feature when it is well shown that any description of the cloud which contains no reference to the waves is manifestly incomplete, and this would be best effected by adding the word undatus or waved to the name of the cloud. Plate 54 will then be alto-cumulus undatus, Plate 55 alto-stratus undatus, and Plate 56 would be described as cirro-cumulus undatus, passing into cirro-stratus undatus and cirro-stratus. In popular language Plate 55 might be called alto waves, Plate 54 crested alto waves, and Plate 56 cirro ripples.

If we are satisfied that the wave clouds are due to a wave movement

intersecting a plane of incipient cloud formation, the whole question of their mode of production resolves itself into two parts--how is that plane of incipient condensation produced? and how can we account for the intersecting waves?

The first question has by far the greater importance, since it amounts to asking for a general explanation of the production of high clouds, especially the forms of cirro-cumulus, cirro-stratus, cirro-macula, and the corresponding alto varieties. There are, again, two divisions also to this question. How does the water vapour reach the stratum in sufficient quantity to saturate it? and when condensation takes place, why does it so frequently assume the characteristic mottled and granular forms like crowds of little cumulus clouds arranged in one level? This last sentence gives the clue. They are, in truth, little cumulus clouds, and must be formed in exactly the same way as their vastly larger prototypes of lower regions. It has been explained that low cumulus is the result of large upward moving air columns or convection currents, each one being initially caused by the heating of the vapour-laden air near the ground, and each uprising column being supplied by cooler descending air which flows down in the intervening spaces. It has also been explained that these movements result in changes of temperature, which tend to check those movements and restore the original equilibrium. Suppose this to occur, as it constantly does, without any column reaching sufficiently high to produce a cloud. There will be no visible effect, but, nevertheless, an important change has taken place. Every ascending current has lifted some water vapour with it to a higher level, and the descending drier air has come down in contact with the ground or damper air to become equally charged with moisture in its turn. The process will be repeated again and again, and at one level after another, so that the water vapour travels ever higher and higher.

This process of interchange between ascending and descending air has been called by Mr. Ley inversion, but the term does not seem very suitable, and interconvection would be better. The two opposite currents pass through each other, as if the ascending air gathered itself into definite channels, and passed through holes in the descending mass like the passage of water upwards through a descending plate of perforated metal. Moreover, just as the holes in such a descending plate might have any size, so that the ascending streams might vary in breadth from the finest hair to a column of huge diameter, in exactly the same way the ascending columns of air may vary from the smallest imaginable size to the great cumulo-nimbus currents. It is the little currents which account for the constant quiver of the margins of any object which is viewed through a large telescope by day, and for the haze, so characteristic of a hot day, which makes distant objects seem ill-defined and in a state of continual tremble. The rays of light in passing through the intersecting streams are bent a little, now this way, now that, as the air currents sway to and fro.

The near neighbourhood of the ground is not essential. As long as the

temperature of the air at any level is rising, so long interconvection must occur. The process will be independent of the presence or absence of wind. All that wind can do is to mix up the air at different levels, breaking the system of currents and reducing it to, so to say, a finer texture, or producing eddies, if strong enough, which direct the currents and gather them into definite channels. The final result in any case is that, with rising temperature, water vapour is steadily borne upwards from the ground.

As it ascends the air becomes cooler, and yet retains its water vapour. When the rising currents are large they mix little with the descending dry air, and on reaching a certain level condensation takes place, and we have the beginning of a cumulus. If they are of a more moderate size they will ascend less rapidly, the admixture with descending air will bear a larger proportion to the whole, and the plane at which condensation will begin will be higher, and then each small column will be tipped with a ball of alto-cumulus. Make the interconvection currents smaller still, and the cloud plane will be lifted yet higher, and we shall have cirro-cumulus or cirro-macula.

Now, the more even the distribution of temperature on the ground the less the probability of coarse interconvection, and the same is true of any higher stratum of air, provided it is free from disturbing influences from outside. If, therefore, we have large currents near the ground, ending, as they must, in cumulus, it has already been explained that these clouds stop the action, and the general system of large currents will be restricted to the region in which they occur. At some distance above the lower clouds the only difference will be that water vapour has been brought up to their level in great abundance. Smaller systems of interconvection can then exist, and so we may have the spectacle of several layers of cloud--cumulus capping the great currents of lower regions, alto-cumulus forming the summits of the smaller currents of intermediate regions, and cirro-cumulus floating far above both.

Frequently it happens that before the ascent of vapour has gone quite far enough to produce a cloud, other causes co-operate, and the cloud makes its appearance suddenly over considerable patches of sky. The most potent of these is a fall of the barometric pressure, which is brought about by some of the air far above the region of even the highest clouds flowing away to some other district. The air at all lower levels being thus relieved of the superincumbent pressure, immediately expands, and is thereby cooled throughout. Consequently, if at any level it was near its point of saturation, it will be carried beyond that point, and cloud will rapidly make its appearance over a large part of the sky, possibly at more than one level. Stratiform arrangements will be the rule; but if interconvection is going on at the time, its presence will be betrayed by a granular or cumuloid structure. Interconvection clouds should then be most frequent, and best formed when the air as a whole is still or moving slowly (so as not to create great eddies), when the temperature is rising rapidly,

and when the barometer is making a sudden fall. All these conditions are met in thunder weather, and at the time when a summer anticyclone is giving way. It will be remembered that many of the most beautiful forms have been described as forming under one or the other of these very conditions.

A second contributing cause, and one which tends to make the condensation in patches or long broad bands ranged roughly at right angles to the direction in which the air is moving, has been referred to earlier. It is the passage of the air over an undulating country; the up-and-down movements of the lower air being transmitted upwards to great altitudes, as ever broadening and flattening waves. If the upper air is flowing more rapidly than the lower, these broad waves may be far ahead of their real cause, which will, therefore, quite escape recognition, but the phenomenon is constantly to be detected in the arrangement of the lower clouds. Two instances in the writer's experience will suffice. It was desired one morning to measure the altitude of some small clouds which were passing from the north-west at a height of probably between 2000 and 4000 metres, over a hill only about 150 metres higher than the valley in which the apparatus was fixed. In order to make the measurement, it was necessary for the cloud to cross the valley and appear in the same field of view as the sun, according to the method that will be described further on. But in order to cross the valley the air had to descend, and so, of course, had the cloud stratum, though to a less extent. But small as the descent was, it was enough to dry up the clouds entirely, and for more than a couple of hours the clouds came sailing over the hill, disappearing entirely, and then reforming so far beyond that no measurement was possible, since not one single fragment came near enough to the position of the sun, which remained shining brightly through a broad clear gap between two patches of cloud-strewn sky.

On another occasion considerable preparations had been made for some photographic observations during an eclipse of the sun. The observatory stands on the eastern side of the valley of the Exe, which is flanked on its western side by a long ridge of hills going up to 800 feet above the sea. Beyond these hills lies the deep, narrow valley of the Teign, and beyond that the granite ramparts of Dartmoor, 1000 feet above the sea. The wind was blowing gently across the two valleys, and shortly before the eclipse began a broad strip of thin cloud formed above and rather towards the eastern side of the Exe valley, just where the sun was, while at the same time the sky was practically clear half a mile further east, and bright sunlight was streaming down on the ridge between the two rivers a few miles towards the west. The cloud was never thick enough to quite hide the sun, so that the eclipse was easy to watch with the naked eye; but in spite of fairly rapid movement of the cloud masses as they drifted before the sun, they kept on forming in just the same place, and completely prevented the carrying out of the programme planned. It is almost certain that the phenomenon was brought about by an upward moving wave marking the place where the level of approaching saturation was upheaved by the disturbance caused



by crossing the two valleys and intervening ridge.

These two instances are not quoted as examples of a rare occurrence, but as definite simple instances of a phenomenon which may be constantly observed, and as proof that the conformation of the ground does exercise an influence upon the distribution of cloud.

But no irregularities of the ground will suffice to explain the minute waves and ripples which have been described at the beginning of this chapter. These must be due to wave disturbances in the air itself. They have been explained as due to two different currents of air, either a warm damp current flowing over a cold one, or *\_vice versa\_*. Now, such an occurrence as a warm damp current flowing over a cold one must be very rare, though it is impossible to deny that it might occur. The immediate contact of a cold current above a warm damp one is equally unlikely, unless the general atmospheric condition were greatly disturbed, which is the same thing as saying that wave clouds would not occur. They are most frequent at just those times when interconvection has freest play, and this is amply sufficient to account for a plane of saturation without any necessity for a hypothesis of two layers of air at different temperatures all but producing cloud at their junction. No convincing evidence of cloud production by such means has yet been adduced, and it is better to rely upon causes which we know do operate than to call in theories as to what might possibly happen. This is one of those points in the study of clouds which need investigation, and until proof is forthcoming it is better to say that the admixture of two strata of air might conceivably produce cloud, but most forms can be accounted for by other causes of which we have more positive evidence.

Still, the wave clouds are due to waves, and there seems no other way of accounting for them than the supposition of gentle differential currents. But if such currents occur the ripples and waves will not be limited to a definite surface, so to say, of contact, but will be propagated upwards and downwards for considerable distances from the level of greatest disturbance. Whether, therefore, the level at which the natural operation of interconvection has produced saturation is high or low in this region, the result will be the marshalling of the ascending and descending elements of the convection system in the characteristic waves.

The differential currents, then, which cause the waves must not be conceived as producing those waves at a surface of contact, nor must the currents be thought of as separated by any definite surface, but rather by a region of variable but usually considerable depth, in which the air is disturbed by a series of small slow eddies and oscillatory movements. When the waves are parallel straight lines the air currents may be really portions of a whole, having the upper part more rapid than the lower. In such a case the direction of movement should be at right angles to the cloud lines. If the upper current differs in direction as well as velocity, the direction of movement of the clouds

will be intermediate, and will resemble that of the upper or lower current, according to their relative distances from the plane at which the clouds are formed.

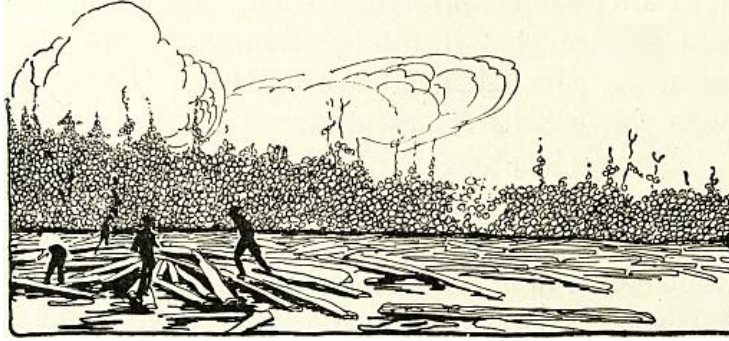
The behaviour of the clouds will depend upon the relative shares in their production borne by interconvection pure and simple and by the wave oscillations. If the stratum is one in which cloud would actually be formed independently of the up-and-down movements, all this will be able to do will be to arrange the cloudlets at their birth, and these will then continue to exist, drifting with the general horizontal movement of the air like any other cloud of the same order.

On the other hand, if the production of cloud is dependent upon the vertical oscillations, the cloudlets or lines of cloud will move with the air waves, and their rate of motion and direction of motion will be determined by the rate and direction of the waves, which may be quite different from that of the air at that stratum as a whole. The ascending waves will be marked by lines of cloud generally rounder and better defined on their advancing sides, while the descending troughs will be marked by clear intervals.

Wave movements of the necessary kind are frequently very complicated, and it is not by any means a rare occurrence to see the wave lines in one part of the sky at all sorts of angles with similar lines in other parts, or even to see two or more sets of waves at different altitudes crossing one another. Either phenomenon is always accompanied by rapid changes in the cloud, and the rippled structure is short-lived. This was the case with the clouds shown in Plate 54. Plate 53, on the contrary, shows great uniformity in the wave lines, and although the vertical oscillation is probably the main cause of condensation, the form was unusually persistent.

Irregular patches of wave disturbance, affecting a plane occupied by cirro-stratus vittatus, are shown in Plate 57. In this case the wave systems only touch the cloud plane here and there, and the places of contact varied rapidly. It is pretty clear from this photograph that the idea of the waves being formed at a surface of contact between two diverse currents will not suffice. The bands of the cirro-stratus are for the most part unbroken and unaffected; it is only here and there that the wave region touches them.

The conclusions at which we have arrived are simple, and there is little room for doubt as to their main correctness, but there are numerous minute features presented by these beautiful cloud patterns which await interpretation, and they reveal complicated oscillatory movements in the air which are difficult to account for, whether we seek their originating causes or the mechanics of their motions.



## WAR!

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Paris Nights*, by Arnold Bennett

We were in the billiard-room--English men and women collected from various parts of the earth, and enjoying that state of intimacy which is somehow produced by the comfortable click of billiard balls. It is extraordinary what pretty things the balls say of a night in the billiard-room of a good hotel. They say: "You are very good-natured and jolly people. Click. Women spoil the play, but it's nice to have them here. Click. And so well-dressed and smiling and feminine I Click. Click. Cigars are good and digestion is good. Click. How correct and refined and broad-minded you all are! All's right with the world. Click." A stockbroker sat near me by the fire. My previous experience of stockbrokers had led me to suppose that all stockbrokers were pursy, middle-aged, hard-breathers, thick-fingered, with a sure taste in wines, steaks, and musical comedies. But this one was very different--except perhaps on the point of musical comedies. He was quite young, quite thin, quite simple. In fact, he was what is known as an English gentleman. He frankly enjoyed showing young ladies aged twenty-three how to make a loser off the red, and talking about waltzes, travel, and sport. He never said anything original, and so never surprised one nor made one feel uncomfortable. He was extremely amiable, and we all liked him. The sole fact about the Stock Exchange which I gleamed from him was that the Stock Exchange comprised many bounders, and "you had to be civil to 'em, too."

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"You've heard the news?" I said to him. "About Japan?" he asked. No, he had not heard. It took the English papers two days to reach us, and, of course, for the English there are no newspapers but English newspapers. There was a first-class local daily; with a complete service of foreign news, and a hundred thousand readers; but I do not believe that one English person in ten even knew of its existence. So I took the local daily out of my pocket, and translated to him the Russian note informing the Powers that ambassadors were packing up. "Looks rather bad!" he murmured. I could have jumped up and slain him on the spot with the jigger, for every English person in that hotel every night for three

weeks past had exclaimed on glancing at the "Times": "Looks bad!" And here this amiable young stockbroker, with war practically broken out, was saying it again! I am perfectly convinced that everyone said this, and this only, because no one had any ideas beyond it. There had appeared some masterly articles in the "Times" on the Manchurian question. But nobody read them: I am sure of that. No one had even a passable notion of Far Eastern geography, and no one could have explained, lucidly or otherwise, the origin of the gigantic altercation. How strange it is that the causes of war never excite interest! (What was the cause of the Franco-German war, you who are omniscient?)

In response to another question, the young stockbroker said that his particular market would be seriously affected. "I should like to be there," [on the Exchange], he remarked, and added dreamily: "It would be rather fun." Then we began a four-handed game, a game whose stupidities were atoned for by the charming gestures of women. And the stockbroker found himself in enormous form. The stone of the Russian Note had sunk into the placid lake and not a ripple was left. Nothing but billiards had existed since the beginning of the world, or ever would exist. Nothing, I reflected, will rouse the average sensible man to an imaginative conception of what a war is, not even the descriptions of a Stephen Crane. Nay, not even income tax at fifteen pence in the pound!

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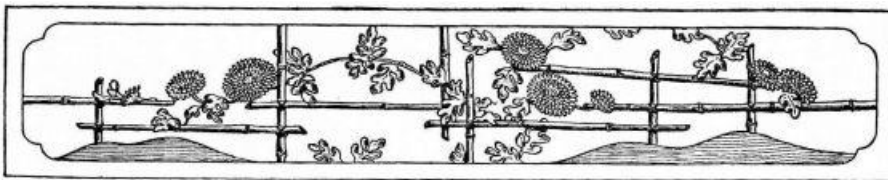
The next morning I went out for a solitary walk by the coast road. And I had not gone a mile before I came to an unkempt building, with a few officials lounging in front of it. "French Custom House" was painted across its pale face. Then the road began to climb up among the outlying spurs of the Maritime Alps. It went higher and higher till it was cut out of the solid rock. Half a mile further, and there was another French Custom House. Still further, where the rock became crags, and the crags beetled above and beetled below, there occurred a profound gorge, and from the stone bridge which spanned it one could see, and faintly hear, a thin torrent rushing to the sea perhaps a couple of hundred feet below. Immediately to the west of this bridge the surface of the crags had been chiselled smooth, and on the expanse had been pictured a large black triangle with a white border--about twelve feet across. And under the triangle was a common little milestone arrangement, smaller than many English milestones, and on one side of the milestone was painted "France" and on the other "Italia." This was the division between the two greatest Latin countries; across this imaginary line had been waged the bloodless but disastrous tariff war of ten years ago. I was in France; a step, and I was in Italy! And it is on account of similar imaginary, artificial, and unconvincing lines, one here, one there--they straggle over the whole earth's crust--that most wars, military, naval, and financial, take place.

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Across the gorge was a high, brown tenement, and towards the tenement

strutted an Italian soldier in the full, impossible panoply of war. He carried two rifles, a mile or so of braid, gilt enough to gild the dome of St. Paul's and Heaven knows what contrivances besides. And he was smoking a cigarette out of a long holder. Two young girls, aged perhaps six or eight, bounded out of the slatternly tenement, and began to chatter to him in a high infantile treble. The formidable warrior smiled affectionately, and bending down, offered them a few paternal words; they were evidently spoiled little things. Close by a vendor of picture post cards had set up shop on a stone wall. Far below, the Mediterranean was stretched out like a blue cloth without a crease in it, and a brig in full sail was crawling across the offing. The sun shone brilliantly. Roses in perfect bloom had escaped from gardens and hung free over hedges. Everything was steeped in a tremendous and impressive calm—a calm at once pastoral and marine, and the calm of obdurate mountains that no plough would ever conquer. And breaking against this mighty calm was the high, thin chatter of the little girls, with their quick and beautiful movements of childhood.

And as I watched the ragged little girls, and followed the brig on the flat and peaceful sea, and sniffed the wonderful air, and was impregnated by the spirit of the incomparable coast and the morning hour, something overcame me, some new perception of the universality of humanity. (It was the little girls that did it.) And I thought intensely how absurd, how artificial, how grotesque, how accidental, how inessential, was all that rigmarole of boundaries and limits and frontiers. It seemed to me incredible, then, that people could go to war about such matters. The peace, the natural universal peace, seemed so profound and so inherent in the secret essence of things, that it could not be broken. And at the very moment, though I knew it not, while the brig was slipping by, and the little girls were imposing upon the good-nature of their terrible father, and the hawker was arranging his trumpery, pathetic post cards, they were killing each other—Russia and Japan were—in a row about “spheres of influence.”



## THE RISING OF THE SUN AND THE RUNNING OF THE DEER: A GLACIER YEAR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Many-Storied Mountains*, by Greg Beaumont

As if to make up for the days-long darkness of this last blizzard, the peaks today wear snow plumes—long, graceful trails of white, curving up into an ice-blue sky. Yesterday the snow-mad wind raced through the forest. Today the motionless trees are cloaked in heavy, glistening robes, the leafless aspen and young larch bent down.

Moderate snowfall helps many plants and animals survive the winter. For ground dwellers it provides insulation from the wildly fluctuating winter temperatures encountered east of the Divide, protecting the hibernators and providing cover for the many small mammals that remain active during the winter. Wind-swept ground freezes deep; but under a mantle of snow life-sustaining heat is trapped, permitting many animals to survive and allowing the work of decomposers to continue.

But this has been a winter of too much snow and too many temperature extremes. The heavy snowpack has forced the sharp-hoofed deer to yard up in great numbers; unable to range freely in deep snow, they are forced into smaller and smaller confines where their numbers allow them to break and maintain trails. But in time they exhaust the food supply. Younger deer, unable to reach the increasingly higher browse line, starve first. Then the does, heavy with unborn fawns, grow weak and fall to predators. So the imprisoned herds dwindle quickly this year, sometimes less than a kilometer from plentiful browse.

Deep snow is also death for many seed-eating birds. As they are unable to scratch for food, their body furnaces quickly fail, and during a night of cold wind their fluffed corpses drop into the snow.

Exposed to the noon sun, the snow surface thaws; when refrozen, it is restructured to crystalline ice. If snow repeatedly thaws and freezes, an ice barrier is formed, shutting off vital air exchange. Plants are then subject to rot, and micro-animal life is smothered. Travel beneath the snow is made more difficult for mice and shrews and they are deprived of food and cover. Under such conditions their numbers rapidly decline.

But while many starve in a winter of deep snow, others benefit. The exposed traffic of small mammals is to the owl's advantage. Foxes and coyotes more easily run down rabbits and hares on crusted snow. Deer and, to a lesser extent, wapiti and moose—their hoofs punching through the snowpack—swiftly tire in deep snow and become helpless before cougar or wolf, whose lighter weight is supported by the crust.

Grim as this winter's toll becomes, enough will survive to begin the process of renewal in spring. Last winter, a season of light snow, was a time of hardship for predators. The deer remained strong, the wapiti remote on high, windswept ridges, and the small mammals hidden.

Only the water ouzel, winter after winter, seems not to notice the hardships of the season. Lord of his small world of open water, he sings in February, wading and swimming his diminished stream to find a never-failing supply of water insects and small fish. It is a voice of spring—glad, wild, continual as the moving water—an incongruous song in this winter-shrouded land.

But with the growing stature of the sun, the grip of winter softens. The

firs and spruce send their loads of snow sliding to the ground. Streams begin to sing again and soon the lakes increase, the booming of splitting ice breaking the silence of the valleys. Avalanches thunder down the steeper slopes, carrying trees to the swollen streams. Rivers hiss and rage, speeding the debris along. A spring that comes too suddenly will bring flood to lower elevations.

Snow geese thread through the valleys, and ground squirrels tunnel up through snow to find invasions of birds returning from the south. Soon the three-petaled wakerobins appear, chasing the snowline up the ridges. Glacier lilies and Calypso orchids are next, and with the shooting stars spring arrives.

The melting snow releases a new group of animals to populate the winter-thinned land. Up come chipmunks. Bears reappear. Young red squirrels, helpless and blind, squirm in their nest holes. Hidden dens rustle with pups and kits. Soon warm days will bring them out and the business of learning to cope with their world will begin.

All life responds irresistibly to the growing strength of the Sun. Cottonwood, willow, and maple come into flower and unfold new leaves; green needle clusters spot the limbs of larches that in winter had seemed lifeless snags among the other conifers. Beneath the soil of prairie, meadow, and forest, in the mud of lakes and ponds, other life stirs; armies of insects, spiders, crustaceans, amphibians, and fish will strive to complete their life cycles against the formidable odds of a predatory world.

Spring reaches higher up the mountains, the lowlands passing into summer. Wapiti and mountain sheep follow the rising tide of succulent browse up to the high meadows. In forest, grove, and meadow and along the stream new fledglings appear—thrush, vireo, hummingbird, waxwing, harlequin duck, bluebird, osprey, and flicker—as holes, nests, and cavities brim with begging mouths.

In the alpine meadows, where snow overlaps the spring and winter follows hard behind the summer, the growing season is short and the climate unstable. Sensing the stronger light, flowers push up impatiently through the snow and hasten into bloom. Pikas and marmots scurry and sunbathe among the rocks of scree slopes.

Summer matures in ripening huckleberries, and the bears that grazed the spring grasses now gorge themselves fat. Dry days of August bring probing lightning, threatening the forests with fire.

Sweeps of beargrass reach their climax now in the highest meadows. In dizzy succession wildflowers set seed. Fat and sluggish, marmots and ground squirrels disappear beneath the rocks. The golden eagle must search longer each day to find prey within its vast domain.

Autumn lingers in the valleys and on the flanks of low ridges. The

morning sun glints on hoarfrost, firing the yellow leaves of larch, aspen, birch, maple, and cottonwood, and shines on the blood-red berries of mountain-ash. Soon a night of killing frost will bring down the corpses of insects and spiders by the millions. The reptiles and amphibians, being cold-blooded animals, seem out of place in this long-wintered land. Unable to maintain body temperatures appreciably above their surroundings, they are the first to seek the protection of hibernation, collecting in dens or burying themselves beneath the ooze of pond bottoms.

Songbirds gather and leave the valleys. The harsh cries of jays sound ominous now in the forest. Only the chickadees seem to ignore the long tree shadows; their ceaseless conversations carry through the leafless underbrush as they busily search for seed.

Velvet has gone to bone, and in these final noon-warm days the rut runs through the land. It begins in the valleys in September with the joustings of deer and moose and the buglings of bull wapiti puncturing the forest silence. By November the higher meadows ring with the collisions of bighorn rams who compete for ewes by smashing together their massive, curled horns. On high slopes mountain goat billies posture and swagger; head to tail, they circle, threatening each other with dagger-like horns.

From Flathead Lake, 100 stream kilometers to the south, kokanee salmon return to spawn in the clear, cold shallows of McDonald Creek. Gathering bald eagles surround the stream, again and again lifting vulnerable fish from pool and riffle. Perched by the hundreds along the stream course, their white heads and tails glistening against the dark trees, they stand out like lanterns strung for a banquet.

Now the stinging wind comes down from the peaks and shuts the lakes. Life slows or sleeps. Ptarmigan, snowshoe hare, and longtail weasel, all wearing winter white, seek shelter and food in a silent land where spring and yellow lilies seem forever lost.

All life faces one ultimate challenge: to survive or not, to reproduce or fail, to bring one's kind to tomorrow's sun or vanish forever. This land is harsh. To survive in nature demands skill in the individual, excellence in the species, and a chance from the environment.



## WILDERNESS SILENCE

Project Gutenberg's *Vacation Camping for Girls*, by Jeannette Augustus Marks

Most friendships among girls, and older people, too, suggest that if



there is one thing which is hated, it is silence. If silence does happen to get in among us in camp, how uneasy we are! After an awkward pause we all begin to talk at once,--any, every topic will serve to break the hush which has fallen upon us. And if we don't succeed in getting rid of this silence--something apparently to be regarded as unfriendly and ominous--we make excuse to do something and do it.

But of silence Maurice Maeterlinck, the great Belgian author of "The Bluebird" and of many other plays, too, says that we talk only in the hours in which we do not live or do not wish to know our friends or feel ourselves at a great distance from reality. But where do we live more truly than in our camp life? Then he goes on to say what I think is equally true: That we are very jealous of silence, for even the most imprudent among us will not be silent with the first comer, some instinct telling us that it is dangerous to be silent with one whom we do not wish to know or for whom we do not care or do not trust.

Let us admit at the very beginning that one does well to be on one's guard with the people with whom one does not care to be silent,--but one does not go camping with those people,--or, as the case may be, if we, ourselves, have a guilty conscience or an empty head much talking serves its ends. And there is another situation in which it seems almost impossible to be silent. There is someone for whom we have cared very much. Things have changed, there has been a misunderstanding, we have altered or someone else has made trouble between us. And the first thing we notice is that we no longer dare to be silent together. Speech must be made to cover up our common lack of sympathy. We talk, how we talk,--anything, everything! Even when we are happy we run to places where there is no silence, but now, if only we can be as noisy as children and avoid the truth of the sad thing which has happened to us!

Again, let us admit at once that there are different kinds of silence: There is a bitter silence which is the silence of hate, and another which is that of evil thoughts, and a hostile silence, and a silence which may mean the beginning of a storm or a fierce warfare. But the only silence worth having is friendly and it is of that we need to think, and it is that we can have by the camp fire in our wilderness life.

Isn't it true after all that the question which most of us ought to ask ourselves seriously is not how many times we have talked but how many times we have been silent. Sometimes one wonders whether we are ever still and whether if we are to be silent, it is not a lesson which must be learned all over again. How many times have we talked in a single day? We can't tell, for the number of times is so great that we can't count them. And the times we have been silent? And I don't mean how many times we have said nothing. To say nothing is not necessarily to be silent. Well, we can't count the times we have been silent either, but that is because we haven't been still at all. Yet there is a big life in which there is no speech and no need of it. Are we never to give ourselves a chance to live that?

Do you remember your first great silence? Was it going away from someone you loved? Perhaps it was a joyous visit to your grandmother or to an aunt or to see a friend, but it meant leaving your mother and you had never left her before. Or maybe it was your first year at boarding school or your freshman year at college. Do you remember the silence that came over you then and all that filled it? And do you remember how it wore away but gradually--that grip the stillness had within you and upon you? You know now that that first silence will never be forgotten. Or was it a return to those you loved and you realized as never before how incomparably dear these people were to you and that only silence could express that dearness? Or was it the silence of a crowd--awe inspiring silence which foretells the acclaim of some great event of happiness or a cry of woe? Or the silence of the wilderness as you looked down from a mountain side into some great valley of lakes? Or was it the death of someone you loved, and the silence that overcame you forced you not only to suffer as never before but also to think as you have never done about the meaning of life?

In that first great silence how many things that are precious revealed themselves to us. There was love; we did not realize how it was woven into every fibre of our lives; there was companionship; we did not realize how bitterly hard it would be to forego it; there was new experience; till it came we could not have known how much a part of our lives the old experience was. How many things in us that had been asleep were suddenly awakened! How much was that great silence worth to us then and now? Perhaps an unhappy or stricken silence we called it then; but even if it meant death or separation was it after all completely unhappy? Have we taken into account the wealth of conviction, of deepened experience, of increased love it brought us? Could anything so rich be in any true sense unhappy?

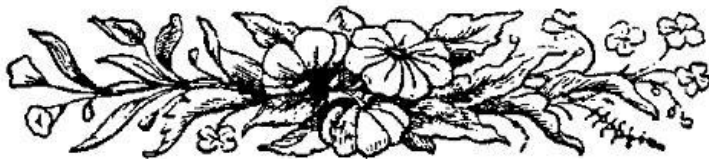
"Silence, the Great Empire of Silence," cried Carlyle, "higher than the stars, deeper than the Kingdom of Death." The world needs silent men but even more, I think, does it need silent women. Carlyle--and you should get what you can of his books and read them--calls silent men the salt of the earth. Might not silent women or silent girls be called double salt? He says that the world without such men is like a tree without roots. To such a tree there will be no leaves and no shade; to such a tree there will be no growth; a tree without roots cannot hold the moisture that is in the earth and it will soon fade, soon dry up and let everything else around it dry up, too.

Have you not heard women and girls with an incessant silly giggle or a titter or a laugh that meant just nothing at all and yet which was heard, like the dry rattle of the locust, morning, noon and night? Nervousness partially; empty-headedness maybe, or a mistaken idea of what is attractive. Silliness of that kind has no place in camp. Nothing is more wearying, more lacking in self-control than such a manner, nothing so exhausts other people. Such giggling or laughing or silly talking is to the mind what St. Vitus's dance is to the body--an

affliction to be endured perhaps but certainly not an attraction and not to be cultivated.

Is it not silence that opens the door to our best work? How about that work you enjoyed so much and did so well? How did you prepare for that? Yes, I know all about the work you bluffed through and even managed to get a high record in, but that work you really enjoyed, how was that done? Is it not silence, too, that opens the door to our dearest and deepest companionships, our profoundest sorrows, our greatest joys? Anyway this wilderness silence is all worth while thinking about, is it not?

Why should this great silence, this friendly wilderness power be considered anti-social? Really, is it not most social? Does it not bring us all nearer together, sometimes even when we are afraid to be nearer to one another? Does it not make us all equal, making us aware of those profound things in life which we all have in common? Silence can say, can teach, what speech can never, to the end of the world, learn to express. It is safe to say that as soon as most lips are silent, then and then only do the thoughts and the soul begin to live, to grow, to become something of what they are destined to be, for as Maeterlinck says, silence ripens the fruits of the soul. Never think that it is unsociable people or people who don't know how to talk who set such a value on silence. No, it is those who are able to talk best and most deeply, think best and most deeply, who, following the long trail, recognize the fact that words can never after all express those truths which are among us--no, neither love, nor death, nor any great joy, nor destiny can ever be expressed by word of mouth, by speech.



## THE APALACHES.

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Notes on the Floridian Peninsula; its Literary History, Indian Tribes and Antiquities*, by Daniel G. Brinton

*Derivation of the name.--Earliest notices of.--Visited and described by Bristock in 1653.--Authenticity of his narrative.--Subsequent history and final extinction.*

Among the aboriginal tribes of the United States perhaps none is more enigmatical than the Apalaches. They are mentioned as an important nation by many of the early French and Spanish travellers and historians, their name is preserved by a bay and river on the shores of

the Gulf of Mexico, and by the great eastern coast range of mountains, and has been applied by ethnologists to a family of cognate nations that found their hunting-grounds from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Ohio river to the Florida Keys; yet, strange to say, their own race and place have been but guessed at. Intimately connected both by situation and tradition with the tribes of the Floridian peninsula, an examination of the facts pertaining to their history and civilization is requisite to a correct knowledge of the origin and condition of the latter.

The orthography of the name is given variously by the older writers, Apahlahche, Abolachi, Apeolatei, Appallatta, &c., and very frequently without the first letter, Palaxy, Palatcy. Daniel Coxe, indeed, fancifully considered this first vowel the Arabic article *a*, *al*, prefixed by the Spaniards to the native word.[130] Its derivation has been a *questio vexata* among Indianologists; Heckewelder[131] identified it with Lenape or Wapanaki, "which name the French in the south as easily corrupted into *Apalaches* as in the north to *Abenakis*," and other writers have broached equally loose hypothesis. Adair[132] mentions a Chikasa town, Palacheho, evidently from the same root; but it is not from this tongue nor any of its allies, that we must explain its meaning, but rather consider it an indication of ancient connections with the southern continent, and in itself a pure Carib word. *Apáliché* in the Tamanaca dialect of the Guaranay stem on the Orinoco signifies *man*,[133] and the earliest application of the name in the northern continent was as a title of the chief of a country, *l'homme par excellence*,[134] and hence, like very many other Indian tribes (Apaches, Lenni Lenape, Illinois,) his subjects assumed by eminence the proud appellation of The Men. How this foreign word came to be imported will be considered hereafter. Among the tribes that made up the confederacy, probably only one partook of the warring and energetic blood of the Caribs; or it may have been assumed in emulation of a famous neighbor; or it may have been a title of honor derived from the esoteric language of a foreign priesthood, instances of which are not rare among the aborigines.

In the writings of the first discoverers they uniformly hold a superior position as the most polished, the most valorous, and the most united tribe in the region where they dwelt. The fame of their intrepidity reached to distant nations. "Keep on, robbers and traitors," cried the Indians near the Withlacooche to the soldiers of De Soto, "in Apalache you will receive that chastisement your cruelty deserves." When they arrived at this redoubted province they found cultivated fields stretching on either hand, bearing plentiful crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, cucumbers, and plums,[135] whose possessors, a race large in stature, of great prowess, and delighting in war, inhabited numerous villages containing from fifty to three hundred, spacious and commodious dwellings, well protected against hostile incursions. The French colonists heard of them as distinguished for power and wealth, having good store of gold, silver, and pearls, and dwelling near lofty mountains to the north; and Fontanedo, two years a prisoner in their

power, lauds them as “\_les meilleurs Indiens de la Floride\_,” and describes their province as stretching far northward to the snow-covered mountains of Onagatano abounding in precious metals.[136]

About a century subsequent to these writers, we find a very minute and extraordinary account of a nation called Apalachites, indebted for its preservation principally to the work of the Abbé Rochefort. It has been usually supposed a creation of his own fertile brain, but a careful study of the subject has given me a different opinion. The original sources of his information may be entirely lost, but that they actually existed can be proved beyond reasonable doubt. They were a series of ephemeral publications by an “English gentleman” about 1656, whose name is variously spelled Bristol, Bristok, Brigstock, and Bristock, the latter being probably the correct orthography. He had spent many years in the West Indies and North America, was conversant with several native tongues, and had visited Apalacha in 1653. Besides the above-mentioned fragmentary notes, he promised a complete narrative of his residence and journeys in the New World, but apparently never fulfilled his intention. Versions of his account are found in various writers of the age. The earliest is given by Rochefort[137], and was translated with the rest of the work of that author by Davies[138], who must have consulted the original tract of Bristock as he adds particulars not found in the Abbé’s history. Others are met with in the writings of the Geographus Ordinarius, Nicolas Sanson d’ Abbeville[139], in the huge tomes of Ogilby[140] and his high and low Dutch paraphrasers Arnoldus Montanus[141] and Oliver Dapper,[142] in Oldmixon’s history,[143] quite fully in the later compilation that goes under the name of Baumgarten’s History of America,[144] and in our own days has been adverted to by the distinguished Indianologist H. R. Schoolcraft in more than one of his works. It consists of two parts, the one treating of the traditions, the other of the manners and customs of the Apalachites. In order to place the subject in the clearest light I shall insert a brief epitome of both.

The Apalachites inhabited the region called Apalacha between 33° 25’ and 37° north latitude. By tradition and language they originated from northern Mexico, where similar dialects still existed.[145] The Cofachites were a more southern nation, scattered at first over the vast plains and morasses to the south along the Gulf of Mexico (Theomi), but subsequently having been reduced by the former nation, they settled a district called Amana, near the mountains of Apalacha, and from this circumstance received the name Caraibe or Carib, meaning “bold, warlike men,” “strangers,” and “annexed nation.” In after days, increasing in strength and retaining their separate existence, they asserted independence, refused homage to the king of Apalacha, and slighted the worship of the sun. Wars consequently arose, extending at intervals over several centuries, resulting in favor of the Cofachites, whose dominion ultimately extended from the mountains in the north to the shores of the Gulf and the river St. Johns on the south. Finding themselves too weak to cope openly with such a powerful foe, the Apalachites had recourse to stratagem. Taking advantage of a temporary peace, their priests used the

utmost exertions to spread abroad among their antagonists a religious veneration of the sun and a belief in the necessity of an annual pilgrimage to his sacred mountain Olaimi in Apalacha. So well did their plan succeed, that when at the resumption of hostilities, the Apalachites forbade the ingress of all pilgrims but those who would do homage to their king, a schism, bitter and irreconcilable, was brought about among the Cofachites. Finally peace was restored by a migration of those to whom liberty was dearer than religion, and a submission of the rest to the Apalachites, with whom they became amalgamated and lost their identity. Their more valiant companions, after long wanderings through unknown lands in search of a home, finally locate themselves on the southern shore of Florida. Islanders from the Bahamas, driven thither by storms, tell them of lands, fertile and abounding in game, yet uninhabited and unclaimed, lying to the southwards; they follow their advice and direction, traverse the Gulf of Florida, and settle the island of \_Ayay\_, now Santa Cruz. From this centre colonies radiated, till the majority of the islands and no small portion of the southern mainland was peopled by their race.

Such is the sum of Bristock's singular account. It is either of no credibility whatever, or it is a distorted version of floating, dim traditions, prevalent among the indigenes of the West Indies and the neighboring parts of North America. I am inclined to the latter opinion, and think that Bristock, hearing among the Caribs rumors of a continent to the north, and subsequently finding powerful nations there, who, in turn, knew of land to the south and spoke of ancient wars and migrations, wove the fragments together, filled up the blanks, and gave it to the world as a veritable history. To support this view, let us inquire whether any knowledge of each other actually existed between the inhabitants of the islands and the northern mainland, and how far this knowledge extended.

The reality of the migration, though supported by some facts, must be denied of the two principal races, the Caribs and Arowauks, who peopled the islands at the time of their discovery. The assertions of Barcia, Herrera, and others that they were originally settled by Indians from Florida have been abundantly disproved by the profound investigations of Alphonse D'Orbigny in South America.[146] On the other hand, that the Cubans and Lucayans had a knowledge of the peninsula not only in the form of myths but as a real geographical fact, even having specific names in their own tongues for it (Cautio, Jaguaza), is declared by the unanimous voice of historians.

The most remarkable of these myths was that of the fountain of life, placed by some in the Lucayos, but generally in a fair and genial land to the north.[147] From the tropical forests of Central America to the coral-bound Antilles the natives told the Spaniards marvellous tales of a fountain whose magic waters would heal the sick, rejuvenate the aged, and confer an ever-youthful immortality. It may have originated in a confused tradition of a partial derivation from the mainland and subsequent additions thence received from time to time, or more probably

from the adoration of some of the very remarkable springs abundant on the peninsula, perchance that wonderful object the Silver Spring,[148] round which I found signs of a dense early population, its virtues magnified by time, distance, and the arts of priests. We know how intimately connected is the worship of the sun with the veneration of water; heat typifying the masculine, moisture the feminine principle. The universality of their association in the Old World cosmogonies and mythologies is too well-known to need specification, and it is quite as invariable in those of the New Continent. That such magnificent springs as occur in Florida should have become objects of special veneration, and their fame bruited far and wide, and handed down from father to son, is a most natural consequence in such faiths.[149]

Certain it is that long before these romantic tales had given rise to the expeditions of De Leon, Narvaez, and De Soto, many natives of the Lucayos, of Cuba, even of Yucatan and Honduras,[150] had set out in search of this mystic fount. Many were lost, while some lived to arrive on the Floridian coast, where finding it impossible either to proceed or return, they formed small villages, "whose race," adds Barcia,[151] writing in 1722, "is still in existence" (cuya generacion aun dura). This statement, which the cautious investigator Navarrete confirms,[152] seems less improbable when we reflect that in after times it was no uncommon incident for the natives of Cuba to cross the Gulf of Florida in their open boats to escape the slavery of the Spaniards,[153] that the Lucayans had frequent communication with the mainland,[154] that the tribes of South Florida, as early as 1695, carried on a considerable trade with Havana,[155] that the later Indians on the Suwannee would on their trading excursions not only descend this river in their large cypress canoes, but proceed "quite to the point of Florida, and sometimes cross the Gulph, extending their navigations to the Bahama islands and even to Cuba,"[156] and finally that nothing was more common to such a seafaring nation as the Caribs than a voyage of this length.[157]

Another remarkable myth, which certainly points for its explanation to an early and familiar intercourse between the islands and the mainland, is the singular geognostic tradition prevalent among the Lucayans, preserved by Peter of Anghiera, to the effect that this archipelago was originally united to the continent by firm land.[158] Doubtless it was on such grounds that the Spaniards concluded that they owed their original settlement to migrations from the Floridian peninsula.

Turning our attention now to this latter land, we should have cause to be surprised did we not find signs that such adventurous navigators as the Caribs had planned and executed incursions and settlements there. That these signs are so sparse and unsatisfactory, we owe not so much to their own rarity as to the slight weight attached to such things by the early explorers and discoverers. From the accounts we do possess, however, there can be no doubt but that vestiges of the Caribbean tongue, if not whole tribes identical with them in language and customs, have been met with from time to time on the peninsula.[159] The striking

similarity in the customs of flattening the forehead, in poisoning weapons, in the use of hollow reeds to propel arrows, in the sculpturing on war clubs, construction of dwellings, exsiccation of corpses,[160] burning the houses of the dead, and other rites, though far from conclusive are yet not without a decided weight. It is much to be regretted that Adair has left us no fuller information of those seven tribes on the Koosah river, who spoke a different tongue from the Muskohge and preserved “a fixed oral tradition that they formerly came from South America, and after sundry struggles in defence of liberty settled their present abode.”[161]

Thus it clearly appears that the frame, so to speak, of the traditions preserved by Bristock actually did exist and may be proved from other writers. But we are still more strongly convinced that his account is at least founded on fact, when we compare the manners and customs, of the Apalachites, as he gives them, with those of the Cherokee, Choktah, Chickasah, and Muskohge, tribes plainly included by him under this name, and proved by the philological researches of Gallatin to have occupied the same location since De Soto’s expedition.[162] We need have no suspicion that he plagiarized from other authors, as the particulars he mentions are not found in earlier writers; and it was not till 1661 that the English settled Carolina, not till 1699 that Iberville built his little fort on the Bay of Biloxi, and many years elapsed between this latter and the general treaty of Oglethorpe. If then we find a close similarity in manners, customs, and religions, we must perforce concede his accounts, such as they have reached us, a certain degree of credit.

He begins by stating that Apalacha was divided into six provinces; Dumont,[163] writing from independent observation about three-fourths of a century afterwards, makes the same statement. Their towns were inclosed with stakes or live hedges, the houses built of stakes driven into the ground in an oval shape, were plastered with mud and sand, whitewashed without, and some of a reddish glistening color within from a peculiar kind of sand, thatched with grass, and only five or six feet high, the council-house being usually on an elevation.[164] If the reader will turn to the authorities quoted in the subjoined note, he will find this an exact description of the towns and single dwellings of the later Indians.[165] The women manufactured mats of down and feathers with the same skill that a century later astonished Adair,[166] and spun like these the wild hemp and the mulberry bark into various simple articles of clothing. The fantastic custom of shaving the hair on one-half the head, and permitting the other half to remain, on certain emergencies, is also mentioned by later travellers.[167] Their food was not so much game as peas, beans, maize, and other vegetables, produced by cultivation; and the use of salt obtained from vegetable ashes, so infrequent among the Indians, attracted the notice of Bristock as well as Adair.[168] Their agricultural character reminds us of the Choktahs, among whom the men helped their wives to labor in the field, and whom Bernard Romans[169] called “a nation of farmers.” In Apalache, says Dumont,[170] “we find a less rude, more refined nation, peopling its meads and fertile vales, cultivating the earth, and living on the



abundance of excellent fruit it produces.”

Strange as a fairy tale is Bristock’s description of their chief temple and the rites of their religion--of the holy mountain Olaimi lifting its barren, round summit far above the capital city Melilot at its base--of the two sacred caverns within this mount, the innermost two hundred feet square and one hundred in height, wherein were the emblematic vase ever filled with crystal water that trickled from the rock, and the “grand altar” of one round stone, on which incense, spices, and aromatic shrubs were the only offerings--of the platform, sculptured from the solid rock, where the priests offered their morning orisons to the glorious orb of their divinity at his daily birth--of their four great annual feasts--all reminding us rather of the pompous rites of Persian or Peruvian heliolatry than the simple sun worship of the Vesperic tribes. Yet in essentials, in stated yearly feasts, in sun and fire worship, in daily prayers at rising and setting sun, in frequent ablution, we recognize through all this exaggeration and coloring, the religious habits that actually prevailed in those regions. Indeed, the speculative antiquarian may ask concerning Mount Olaimi itself, whether it may not be identical with the enormous mass of granite known as “The Stone Mountain” in De Kalb county, Georgia, whose summit presents an oval, flat, and naked surface two or three hundred yards in width, by about twice that in length, encircled by the remains of a mural construction of unknown antiquity, and whose sides are pierced by the mouths of vast caverns;[171] or with Lookout mountain between the Coosa and Tennessee rivers, where Mr. Ferguson found a stone wall “thirty-seven roods and eight feet in length,” skirting the brink of a precipice at whose base were five rooms artificially constructed in the solid rock.[172]

One of the most decisive proofs of the veracity of Bristock’s narrative is his assertion that they mummified the corpses of their chiefs previous to interment. Recent discoveries of such mummies leave us no room to doubt the prevalence of this custom among various Indian tribes east of the Mississippi. It is of so much interest to the antiquarian, that I shall add in an Appendix the details given on this point by later writers, as well as an examination of the origin of those mummies that have been occasionally disinterred in the caves of Tennessee and Kentucky.[173]

One other topic for examination in Bristock’s memoir yet remains--the scattered words of the language he mentions. The principal are the following;[174]

Mayrdock--the Viracocha of their traditions.

Naarim--the month of March.

Theomi--proper name of the Gulf of Mexico.

Jauas--priests.

Tlatuici--the mountain tribes.

Paracussi--chief; a generic term.

Bersaykau--vale of cedars.

Akueyas--deer.

Hitanachi--pleasant, beautiful.

Tonatzuli--heavenly singer; the name of a bird sacred to the sun.

Several of these words may be explained from tongues with which we are better acquainted.

\_Jauas\_ and \_P̄aracussi\_ are words used in the sense they here bear in many early writers; the derivation of the former will be considered hereafter; that of the latter is uncertain. \_Tlatuici\_ is doubtless identical with \_Tsalakie\_, the proper appellation of the Cherokee tribe. \_Akueyas\_ has a resemblance, though remote, to the Seminole \_ekko\_ of the same signification. In \_hitanachi\_ we recognize the Choktah intensitive prefix \_hhito\_ ; and in \_tonatzuli\_ a compound of the Choktah verb \_taloa\_ , he sings, in one of its forms, with \_shutik\_ , Muskohge \_sootah\_ , heaven or sky. A closer examination would doubtless reveal other analogies, but the above are sufficient to show that these were no mere unmeaning words, coined by a writer's fancy.

The general result of these inquiries, therefore, is strongly in favor of the authenticity of Bristock's narrative. Exaggerated and distorted though it be, nevertheless it is the product of actual observation, and deserves to be classed among our authorities, though as one to be used with the greatest caution. We have also found that though no general migration took place from the continent southward, nor from the islands northward, yet there was considerable intercourse in both directions; that not only the natives of the greater and lesser Antilles and Yucatan, but also numbers of the Guaranay stem of the southern continent, the Caribs proper, crossed the Straits of Florida and founded colonies on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; that their customs and language became to a certain extent grafted upon those of the earlier possessors of the soil; and to this foreign language the name Apalache belongs. As previously stated, it was used as a generic title, applied to a confederation of many nations at one time under the domination of one chief, whose power probably extended from the Alleghany mountains on the north to the shore of the Gulf; that it included tribes speaking a tongue closely akin to the Choktah is evident from the fragments we have remaining. This is further illustrated by a few words of "Appalachian," preserved by John Chamberlayne.[175] These, with their congeners in cognate dialects, are as follows:

_Apalachian._	_Choktah._	_Muskohge._
Father   kelke	aunkky, unky	ilkhy

Heaven	hetucoba	ubbah,	
	_intensitive_,		
	hhito		
Earth	ahan	yahkna	ikahnah
Bread	pasca	puska	

The location of the tribe in after years is very uncertain. Dumont placed them in the northern part of what is now Alabama and Georgia, near the mountains that bear their name. That a portion of them did live in this vicinity is corroborated by the historians of South Carolina, who say that Colonel Moore, in 1703, found them “between the head-waters of the Savannah and Altamaha.”[176] De l’Isle, also, locates them between the \_R. des Caouitas ou R. de Mai\_ and the \_R. des Chaouanos ou d’Edisco\_, both represented as flowing nearly parallel from the mountains.

According to all the Spanish authorities on the other hand, they dwelt in the region of country between the Suwannee and Apalachicola rivers--yet must not be confounded with the Apalachicolos. Thus St. Marks was first named San Marco de Apalache, and it was near here that Narvaez and De Soto found them. They certainly had a large and prosperous town in this vicinity, said to contain a thousand warriors, whose chief was possessed of much influence.[177] De l’Isle makes this their original locality, inscribing it “\_Icy estoient cy devant les Apalaches\_,” and their position in his day as one acquired subsequently. That they were driven from the Apalachicola by the Alibamons and other western tribes in 1705, does not admit of a doubt, yet it is equally certain that at the time of the cession of the country to the English, (1763,) they retained a small village near St. Marks, called San Juan.[178] I am inclined to believe that these were different branches of the same confederacy, and the more so as we find a similar discrepancy in the earliest narratives of the French and Spanish explorers.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century they suffered much from the devastations of the English, French, and Creeks; indeed, it has been said, though erroneously, that the last remnant of their tribe “was totally destroyed by the Creeks in 1719.”[179] About the time Spain regained possession of the soil, they migrated to the West and settled on the Bayou Rapide of Red River. Here they had a village numbering about fifty souls, and preserved for a time at least their native tongue, though using the French and Mobilian (Chikahah) for common purposes.[180] Breckenridge,[181] who saw them here, describes them as “wretched creatures, who are diminishing daily.” Probably by this time the last representative of this once powerful tribe has perished.



## CHAPTER XII.

From: The Project Gutenberg E-Text of *Twelve Years a Slave* by Solomon Northup

Edwin Epps, of whom much will be said during the remainder of this history, is a large, portly, heavy-bodied man with light hair, high cheek bones, and a Roman nose of extraordinary dimensions. He has blue eyes, a fair complexion, and is, as I should say, full six feet high. He has the sharp, inquisitive expression of a jockey. His manners are repulsive and coarse, and his language gives speedy and unequivocal evidence that he has never enjoyed the advantages of an education. He has the faculty of saying most provoking things, in that respect even excelling old Peter Tanner. At the time I came into his possession, Edwin Epps was fond of the bottle, his[Pg 163] "sprees" sometimes extending over the space of two whole weeks. Latterly, however, he had reformed his habits, and when I left him, was as strict a specimen of temperance as could be found on Bayou Bœuf. When "in his cups," Master Epps was a roystering, blustering, noisy fellow, whose chief delight was in dancing with his "niggers," or lashing them about the yard with his long whip, just for the pleasure of hearing them screech and scream, as the great welts were planted on their backs. When sober, he was silent, reserved and cunning, not beating us indiscriminately, as in his drunken moments, but sending the end of his rawhide to some tender spot of a lagging slave, with a sly dexterity peculiar to himself.

He had been a driver and overseer in his younger years, but at this time was in possession of a plantation on Bayou Huff Power, two and a half miles from Holmesville, eighteen from Marksville, and twelve from Cheneyville. It belonged to Joseph B. Roberts, his wife's uncle, and was leased by Epps. His principal business was raising cotton, and inasmuch as some may read this book who have never seen a cotton field, a description of the manner of its culture may not be out of place.

The ground is prepared by throwing up beds or ridges, with the plough—back-furrowing, it is called. Oxen and mules, the latter almost exclusively, are used in ploughing. The women as frequently as the men perform this labor, feeding, currying, and taking care of their teams, and in all respects doing the[Pg 164] field and stable work, precisely as do the ploughboys of the North.

The beds, or ridges, are six feet wide, that is, from water furrow to water furrow. A plough drawn by one mule is then run along the top of the ridge or center of the bed, making the drill, into which a girl usually drops the seed, which she carries in a bag hung round her neck. Behind her comes a mule and harrow, covering up the seed, so that two mules, three slaves, a plough and harrow, are employed in planting a row of cotton. This is done in the months of March and April. Corn is planted in February. When there are no cold rains, the cotton usually makes its appearance in a week. In the course of eight or ten days afterwards the first hoeing is commenced. This is performed in part, also, by the aid of the plough and mule. The plough passes as near as possible to the cotton on both sides, throwing the furrow from it. Slaves follow with their hoes, cutting up the grass and cotton, leaving hills two feet and a half apart. This is called scraping cotton. In two weeks more commences the second hoeing. This time the furrow is thrown towards the cotton. Only one stalk, the largest, is now left standing in each hill. In another fortnight it is hoed the third time, throwing the furrow towards the cotton in the same manner as before, and killing all the grass between the rows. About the first of July, when it is a foot high or thereabouts, it is hoed the fourth and last time. Now the whole space between the rows[Pg 165] is ploughed, leaving a deep water furrow in the center. During all these hoeings the overseer or driver follows the slaves on horseback with a whip, such as has been described. The fastest hoer takes the lead row. He is usually

about a rod in advance of his companions. If one of them passes him, he is whipped. If one falls behind or is a moment idle, he is whipped. In fact, the lash is flying from morning until night, the whole day long. The hoeing season thus continues from April until July, a field having no sooner been finished once, than it is commenced again.

In the latter part of August begins the cotton picking season. At this time each slave is presented with a sack. A strap is fastened to it, which goes over the neck, holding the mouth of the sack breast high, while the bottom reaches nearly to the ground. Each one is also presented with a large basket that will hold about two barrels. This is to put the cotton in when the sack is filled. The baskets are carried to the field and placed at the beginning of the rows.

When a new hand, one unaccustomed to the business, is sent for the first time into the field, he is whipped up smartly, and made for that day to pick as fast as he can possibly. At night it is weighed, so that his capability in cotton picking is known. He must bring in the same weight each night following. If it falls short, it is considered evidence that he has been laggard, and a greater or less number of lashes is the penalty.

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An ordinary day's work is two hundred pounds. A slave who is accustomed to picking, is punished, if he or she brings in a less quantity than that. There is a great difference among them as regards this kind of labor. Some of them seem to have a natural knack, or quickness, which enables them to pick with great celerity, and with both hands, while others, with whatever practice or industry, are utterly unable to come up to the ordinary standard. Such hands are taken from the cotton field and employed in other business. Patsey, of whom I shall have more to say, was known as the most remarkable cotton picker on Bayou Bœuf. She picked with both hands and with such surprising rapidity, that five hundred pounds a day was not unusual for her.

Each one is tasked, therefore, according to his picking abilities, none, however, to come short of two hundred weight. I, being unskillful always in that business, would have satisfied my master by bringing in the latter quantity, while on the other hand, Patsey would surely have been beaten if she failed to produce twice as much.

The cotton grows from five to seven feet high, each stalk having a great many branches, shooting out in all directions, and lapping each other above the water furrow.

There are few sights more pleasant to the eye, than a wide cotton field when it is in the bloom. It presents an appearance of purity, like an immaculate expanse of light, new-fallen snow.

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Sometimes the slave picks down one side of a row, and back upon the other, but more usually, there is one on either side, gathering all that has blossomed, leaving the unopened bolls for a succeeding picking. When the sack is filled, it is emptied into the basket and trodden down. It is necessary to be extremely careful the first time going through the field, in order not to break the branches off the stalks. The cotton will not bloom upon a broken branch. Epps never failed to inflict the severest chastisement on the unlucky servant who, either carelessly or unavoidably, was guilty in the least degree in this respect.

The hands are required to be in the cotton field as soon as it is light in the morning, and, with the exception of ten or fifteen minutes, which is given them at noon to swallow their allowance of cold bacon, they are not permitted to be a moment idle until it is too dark to see, and when the moon is full, they often times labor till the middle of the night. They do not dare to stop even at dinner time, nor return to the quarters, however late it be, until the order to halt is given by the driver.

The day's work over in the field, the baskets are "toted," or in other words, carried to the gin-house, where the cotton is weighed. No matter how fatigued and weary he may be—no matter how much he longs for sleep and rest—a slave never approaches the gin-house with his basket of cotton but with fear. If it falls short in weight—if he has not performed the full task appointed him, he knows that he must [Pg 168] suffer. And if he has exceeded it by ten or twenty pounds, in all probability his master will measure the next day's task accordingly. So, whether he has too little or too much, his approach to the gin-house is always with, fear and trembling. Most frequently they have too little, and therefore it is they are not anxious to leave the field. After weighing, follow the whippings; and then the baskets are carried to the

cotton house, and their contents stored away like hay, all hands being sent in to tramp it down. If the cotton is not dry, instead of taking it to the gin-house at once, it is laid upon platforms, two feet high, and some three times as wide, covered with boards or plank, with narrow walks running between them. This done, the labor of the day is not yet ended, by any means. Each one must then attend to his respective chores. One feeds the mules, another the swine—another cuts the wood, and so forth; besides, the packing is all done by candle light. Finally, at a late hour, they reach the quarters, sleepy and overcome with the long day's toil. Then a fire must be kindled in the cabin, the corn ground in the small hand-mill, and supper, and dinner for the next day in the field, prepared. All that is allowed them is corn and bacon, which is given out at the corncrib and smoke-house every Sunday morning. Each one receives, as his weekly allowance, three and a half pounds of bacon, and corn enough to make a peck of meal. That is all—no tea, coffee, sugar, and with the exception of a very scanty sprinkling now and [Pg 169] then, no salt. I can say, from a ten years' residence with Master Epps, that no slave of his is ever likely to suffer from the gout, superinduced by excessive high living. Master Epps' hogs were fed on shelled corn—it was thrown out to his "niggers" in the ear. The former, he thought, would fatten faster by shelling, and soaking it in the water—the latter, perhaps, if treated in the same manner, might grow too fat to labor. Master Epps was a shrewd calculator, and knew how to manage his own animals, drunk or sober. The corn mill stands in the yard beneath a shelter. It is like a common coffee mill, the hopper holding about six quarts. There was one privilege which Master Epps granted freely to every slave he had. They might grind their corn nightly, in such small quantities as their daily wants required, or they might grind the whole week's allowance at one time, on Sundays, just as they preferred. A very generous man was Master Epps!

I kept my corn in a small wooden box, the meal in a gourd; and, by the way, the gourd is one of the most convenient and necessary utensils on a plantation. Besides supplying the place of all kinds of crockery in a slave cabin, it is used for carrying water to the fields. Another, also, contains the dinner. It dispenses with the necessity of pails, dippers, basins, and such tin and wooden superfluities altogether.

When the corn is ground, and fire is made, the [Pg 170] bacon is taken down from the nail on which it hangs, a slice cut off and thrown upon the coals to broil. The majority of slaves have no knife, much less a fork. They cut their bacon with the axe at the wood-pile. The corn meal is mixed with a little water, placed in the fire, and baked. When it is "done brown," the ashes are scraped off, and being placed upon a chip, which answers for a table, the tenant of the slave hut is ready to sit down upon the ground to supper. By this time it is usually midnight. The same fear of punishment with which they approach the gin-house, possesses them again on lying down to get a snatch of rest. It is the fear of oversleeping in the morning. Such an offence would certainly be attended with not less than twenty lashes. With a prayer that he may be on his feet and wide awake at the first sound of the horn, he sinks to his slumbers nightly. The softest couches in the world are not to be found in the log mansion of the slave. The one whereon I reclined year after year, was a plank twelve inches wide and ten feet long. My pillow was a stick of wood. The bedding was a coarse blanket, and not a rag or shred beside. Moss might be used, were it not that it directly breeds a swarm of fleas.

The cabin is constructed of logs, without floor or window. The latter is altogether unnecessary, the crevices between the logs admitting sufficient light. In stormy weather the rain drives through them, rendering it comfortless and extremely disagreeable. [Pg 171] The rude door hangs on great wooden hinges. In one end is constructed an awkward fire-place.

An hour before day light the horn is blown. Then the slaves arouse, prepare their breakfast, fill a gourd with water, in another deposit their dinner of cold bacon and corn cake, and hurry to the field again. It is an offence invariably followed by a flogging, to be found at the quarters after daybreak. Then the fears and labors of another day begin; and until its close there is no such thing as rest. He fears he will be caught lagging through the day; he fears to approach the gin-house with his basket-load of cotton at night; he fears, when he lies down, that he will oversleep himself in the morning. Such is a true, faithful, unexaggerated picture and description of the slave's daily life, during the time of cotton-picking, on the shores of Bayou Bœuf.

In the month of January, generally, the fourth and last picking is completed. Then commences the harvesting of corn. This is considered a secondary crop, and receives far less attention than the cotton. It is planted, as already mentioned, in February. Corn is grown in that region for the purpose of fattening hogs and feeding slaves; very little, if any, being sent to market. It is the white variety, the ear of great size, and the stalk growing to the height of eight, and often times ten feet. In August the leaves are stripped off, dried in the sun, bound in small bundles, and stored away as provender for the mules and oxen. After this the slaves go through the field, turning[Pg 172] down the ear, for the purpose of keeping the rains from penetrating to the grain. It is left in this condition until after cotton-picking is over, whether earlier or later. Then the ears are separated from the stalks, and deposited in the corncrib with the husks on; otherwise, stripped of the husks, the weevil would destroy it. The stalks are left standing in the field.

The Carolina, or sweet potato, is also grown in that region to some extent. They are not fed, however, to hogs or cattle, and are considered but of small importance. They are preserved by placing them upon the surface of the ground, with a slight covering of earth or cornstalks. There is not a cellar on Bayou Bœuf. The ground is so low it would fill with water. Potatoes are worth from two to three "bits," or shillings a barrel; corn, except when there is an unusual scarcity, can be purchased at the same rate.

As soon as the cotton and corn crops are secured, the stalks are pulled up, thrown into piles and burned. The ploughs are started at the same time, throwing up the beds again, preparatory to another planting. The soil, in the parishes of Rapides and Avoyelles, and throughout the whole country, so far as my observation extended, is of exceeding richness and fertility. It is a kind of marl, of a brown or reddish color. It does not require those invigorating composts necessary to more barren lands, and on the same field the same crop is grown for many successive years.

Ploughing, planting, picking cotton, gathering the corn, and pulling and burning stalks, occupies the[Pg 173] whole of the four seasons of the year. Drawing and cutting wood, pressing cotton, fattening and killing hogs, are but incidental labors.

In the month of September or October, the hogs are run out of the swamps by dogs, and confined in pens. On a cold morning, generally about New Year's day, they are slaughtered. Each carcass is cut into six parts, and piled one above the other in salt, upon large tables in the smoke-house. In this condition it remains a fortnight, when it is hung up, and a fire built, and continued more than half the time during the remainder of the year. This thorough smoking is necessary to prevent the bacon from becoming infested with worms. In so warm a climate it is difficult to preserve it, and very many times myself and my companions have received our weekly allowance of three pounds and a half, when it was full of these disgusting vermin.

Although the swamps are overrun with cattle, they are never made the source of profit, to any considerable extent. The planter cuts his mark upon the ear, or brands his initials upon the side, and turns them into the swamps, to roam unrestricted within their almost limitless confines. They are the Spanish breed, small and spike-horned. I have known of droves being taken from Bayou Bœuf, but it is of very rare occurrence. The value of the best cows is about five dollars each. Two quarts at one milking, would be considered an unusual large quantity. They furnish little tallow, and that of a soft, inferior quality. Notwithstanding[Pg 174] the great number of cows that throng the swamps, the planters are indebted to the North for their cheese and butter, which is purchased in the New-Orleans market. Salted beef is not an article of food either in the great house, or in the cabin.

Master Epps was accustomed to attend shooting matches for the purpose of obtaining what fresh beef he required. These sports occurred weekly at the neighboring village of Holmesville. Fat beeves are driven thither and shot at, a stipulated price being demanded for the privilege. The lucky marksman divides the flesh among his fellows, and in this manner the attending planters are supplied.

The great number of tame and untamed cattle which swarm the woods and swamps of Bayou Bœuf, most probably suggested that appellation to the French, inasmuch as the term, translated, signifies the creek or river of the wild ox.

Garden products, such as cabbages, turnips and the like, are cultivated for the use of the master and his family. They have greens and vegetables at all times and seasons of the year. "The grass withereth and the

flower fadeth" before the desolating winds of autumn in the chill northern latitudes, but perpetual verdure overspreads the hot lowlands, and flowers bloom in the heart of winter, in the region of Bayou Bœuf.

There are no meadows appropriated to the cultivation of the grasses. The leaves of the corn supply a sufficiency of food for the laboring cattle, while the [Pg 175] rest provide for themselves all the year in the ever-growing pasture.

There are many other peculiarities of climate, habit, custom, and of the manner of living and laboring at the South, but the foregoing, it is supposed, will give the reader an insight and general idea of life on a cotton plantation in Louisiana. The mode of cultivating cane, and the process of sugar manufacturing, will be mentioned in another place.



## THE HOMELESS SAVIOUR--THE STORM--DEMONIAC.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Walks and Words of Jesus*, by M. N. Olmsted

And it came to pass, \_that\_ when Jesus had finished these parables, he departed thence. And the same day, when the even was come, when Jesus saw great multitudes about him, he gave commandment to depart unto the other side. And a certain scribe came, and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. And Jesus saith unto him,

*The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air \_have\_ nests;  
but the Son of man hath not where to lay \_his\_ head.*

And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him,

*Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead.*

And when they had sent away the multitude, and when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him. And he said unto them,

*Let us go over unto the other side of the lake.*

And there were also with him other little ships. And they launched forth. But as they sailed he fell asleep: and, behold, there came down a great storm of wind, on the lake: and the waves beat into the ship, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves; and they were filled \_with water\_, and were in jeopardy. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and his disciples came to \_him\_, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: Master, master, carest thou not that we perish? And he saith unto them,

*Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?*



Then he arose and rebuked the winds, and the raging of the water: and said unto the sea,

*Peace, be still.*

And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them,

*Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?*

But the men marvelled, and they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this? for he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him. And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes, which is over against Galilee. And when he went forth to land, there met him out of the city a certain man, which had devils long time, and ware no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs; exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way: and no man could bind him, no, not with chains: because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones.

But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and fell down before him, and worshipped him, and cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not. For he said unto him,

*Come out of the man thou unclean spirit.*

(For oftentimes it had caught him: and he was kept bound with chains and in fetters; and he brake the bands, and was driven of the devil into the wilderness.) And Jesus asked him, saying,

*What is thy name?*

And he said Legion: because many devils were entered into him. And they besought him that he would not command them to go out into the deep.

And there was a good way off from them, nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding. And all the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine, that we may enter into them. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, (they were about two thousand;) and were choked in the sea. When they that fed them saw what was done, they fled, and went and told it in the city and in the country: and told everything, and what was befallen to the possessed of the devils.

And, behold, the whole city came out to see what it was that was done. And they come to Jesus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid. They also which saw it told them by what means he that was possessed of the devils was healed; and also concerning the swine. Then the whole multitude of the country of the Gadarenes round about, besought him that he would depart out of their coast: for they were taken with great fear: and he went up into the ship, and returned back again.

And when he was come into the ship, the man out of whom the devils were departed besought him that he might be with him: howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him,

*Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.*

And he departed and began to publish throughout the whole city (in Decapolis) how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel.

And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city. And it came to pass, that, when Jesus was returned again by ship unto the other side, much people gladly received him: for they were all waiting for him. And he was nigh unto the sea.



## A TUSCAN SHRINE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Italian Backgrounds*, by Edith Wharton

One of the rarest and most delicate pleasures of the continental tourist is to circumvent the compiler of his guide-book. The red volumes which accompany the traveller through Italy have so completely anticipated the most whimsical impulses of their readers that it is now almost impossible to plan a tour of exploration without finding, on reference to them, that their author has already been over the ground, has tested the inns, measured the kilometres, and distilled from the massive tomes of Kugler, Burckhardt and Morelli a portable estimate of the local art and architecture. Even the discovery of incidental lapses scarcely consoles the traveller for the habitual accuracy of his statements; and the only refuge left from his omniscience lies in approaching the places he describes by a route which he has not taken.

Those to whom one of the greatest charms of travel in over-civilized countries consists in such momentary escapes from the expected, will

still find here and there, even in Italy, a few miles unmeasured by the guide-book; and it was to enjoy the brief exhilaration of such a discovery that we stepped out of the train one morning at Certaldo, determined to find our way thence to San Vivaldo.

For some months we had been vaguely aware that, somewhere among the hills between Volterra and the Arno, there lay an obscure monastery containing a series of terra-cotta groups which were said to represent the scenes of the Passion. No one in Florence seemed to know much about them; and many of the people whom we questioned had never even heard of San Vivaldo. Professor Enrico Ridolfi, at that time the director of the Royal Museums at Florence, knew by hearsay of the existence of the groups, and told me that there was every reason to accept the local tradition which has always attributed them to Giovanni Gonnelli, the blind modeller of Gambassi, an obscure artist of the seventeenth century, much praised by contemporary authors, but since fallen into merited oblivion. Professor Ridolfi, however, had never seen any photographs of the groups, and was not unnaturally disposed to believe that they were of small artistic merit, since Gonnelli worked much later, and in a more debased period of taste, than the modeller of the well-known groups at Varallo. Still, even when the more pretentious kind of Italian sculpture was at its lowest, a spark of its old life smouldered here and there in the improvisations of the *plasticatore*, or stucco modeller; and I hoped to find, in the despised groups of San Vivaldo, something of the coarse naïveté and brutal energy which animate their more famous rivals of Varallo. In this hope we started in search of San Vivaldo; and as the guide-books told us that it could be reached only by way of Castel Fiorentino, we promptly determined to attack it from San Gimignano.

At Certaldo, the birthplace of Boccaccio, where the train left us one April morning, we found an archaic little carriage, with a coachman who entered sympathetically into our plan for eluding our cicerone. He told us that he knew a road which led in about four hours across the mountains from San Gimignano to San Vivaldo; and in his charge we were soon crossing the poplar-fringed Elsa and climbing the steep ascent to San Gimignano, where we were to spend the night.

The next morning, before sunrise, the little carriage awaited us at the inn door; and as we dashed out under the gateway of San Gimignano we felt the thrill of explorers sighting a new continent. It seemed, in fact, an unknown world which lay beneath us in the early light. The hills, so definitely etched at midday, at sunset so softly modelled, had melted into a silver sea of which the farthest waves were indistinguishably merged in billows of luminous mist. Only the near foreground retained its precision of outline, and that too had assumed an air of unreality. Fields, hedges and cypresses were tipped with an aureate brightness which recalled the golden ripples running over the grass in the foreground of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." The sunshine had the density of gold-leaf: we seemed to be driving through the landscape of a missal.

At first we had this magical world to ourselves, but as the light broadened groups of labourers began to appear under the olives and between the vines; shepherdesses, distaff in hand, drove their flocks along the roadside, and yokes of white oxen with scarlet fringes above their meditative eyes moved past us with such solemn deliberateness of step that fancy transformed their brushwood-laden carts into the sacred *\_carroccio\_* of the past. Ahead of us the road wound through a district of vineyards and orchards, but to the north and east the panorama of the Tuscan hills unrolled range after range of treeless undulations, outlined one upon the other, as the sun grew high, with the delicately-pencilled minuteness of a mountain background of Sebald Beham's. Behind us the fantastic towers of San Gimignano dominated each bend of the road like some persistent mirage of the desert; to the north lay Castel Fiorentino, and far away other white villages gleamed like fossil shells embedded in the hill-sides.

The elements composing the foreground of such Tuscan scenes are almost always extremely simple--slopes trellised with vine and mulberry, under which the young wheat runs like green flame; stretches of ash-coloured olive orchard; and here and there a farm-house with projecting eaves and open loggia, guarded by its inevitable group of cypresses. These cypresses, with their velvety-textured spires of rusty black, acquire an extraordinary value against the neutral-tinted breadth of the landscape; distributed with the sparing hand with which a practised writer uses his exclamation-points, they seem to emphasize the more intimate meaning of the scene; calling the eye here to a shrine, there to a homestead, or testifying by their mere presence to the lost tradition of some barren knoll. But this significance of detail is one of the chief charms of the mid-Italian landscape. It has none of the purposeless prodigality, the extravagant climaxes, of what is called "fine scenery"; nowhere is there any obvious largesse to the eye; but the very reticence of its delicately-moulded lines, its seeming disdain of facile effects, almost give it the quality of a work of art, make it appear the crowning production of centuries of plastic expression.

For some distance the road from San Gimignano to San Vivaldo winds continuously upward, and our ascent at length brought us to a region where agriculture ceases and the way lies across heathery undulations, with a scant growth of oaks and ilexes in the more sheltered hollows. As we drove on, these copses gave way to stone-pines, and presently we dipped over the yoke of the highest ridge and saw below us another sea of hills, with a bare mountain-spur rising from it like a scaly monster floating on the waves, its savage spine bristling with the walls and towers of Volterra.

For nearly an hour we skirted the edge of this basin of hills, in sight of the ancient city on its livid cliff; then we turned into a gentler country, through woods starred with primroses, with a flash of streams in the hollows; and presently a murmur of church-bells reached us through the woodland silence. At the same moment we caught sight of a

brick campanile rising above the trees on a slope just ahead of us, and our carriage turned from the high-road up a lane with scattered chapels showing their white façades through the foliage. This lane, making a sudden twist, descended abruptly between mossy banks and brought us out on a grass-plot before a rectangular monastic building adjoining the church of which the bells had welcomed us. Here was San Vivaldo, and the chapels we had passed doubtless concealed beneath their cupolas “more neat than solemn” the terra-cottas of which we were in search.

The monastery of San Vivaldo, at one time secularized by the Italian government, has now been restored to the Franciscan order, of which its patron saint was a member. San Vivaldo was born at San Gimignano in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and after joining in his youth the Tertiary Order of Saint Francis, retired to a hollow chestnut-tree in the forest of Camporeno (the site of the present monastery), in which cramped abode he passed the remainder of his life “in continual macerations and abstinence.” After his death the tree which had been sanctified in so unusual a manner became an object of devotion among the neighbouring peasantry, who, when it disappeared, raised on the spot an oratory to the Virgin. It is doubtful, however, if this memorial, which fell gradually into neglect, would have preserved San Vivaldo from oblivion, had not that Senancour of a saint found a Matthew Arnold in the shape of a Franciscan friar, a certain Fra Cherubino of Florence, who, early in the sixteenth century, was commissioned by his order to watch over and restore the abandoned sanctuary. Fra Cherubino, with his companions, took possession of the forest of Camporeno, and proceeded to lay the foundation-stone of a monastery which was to commemorate the hermit of the chestnut-tree. The forgotten merits of San Vivaldo were speedily restored to popular favour by the friar’s eloquence, and often, after one of his sermons, three thousand people were to be seen marching in procession to the river Evola to fetch building-materials for the monastery. Meanwhile Fra Tommaso, another of the monks, struck by the resemblance of the hills and valleys of Camporeno to the holy places of Palestine, began the erection of the “devout chapels” which were to contain the representations of the Passion; and thus arose the group of buildings now forming the monastery of San Vivaldo.

As we drove up we saw several monks at work in the woods and in the vegetable-gardens below the monastery. These took no notice of us, but in answer to our coachman’s summons there appeared another, whose Roman profile might have emerged from one of those great portrait-groups of the sixteenth century, where grave-featured monks and chaplains are gathered about a seated pope. This monk, whose courteous welcome betrayed as little surprise as though the lonely glades of San Vivaldo were daily invaded by hordes of sight-seers, informed us that it was his duty to conduct visitors to the various shrines. The chapels of the Passion are about twenty in number, and as many more are said to have perished. They are scattered irregularly through the wood adjoining the monastery, and our guide, who showed a deep interest in the works of art committed to his charge, assured us that the terra-cotta groups

were undoubtedly due to Giovanni Gonnelli, *Il Cieco di Gambassi*, for whose talent he seemed to entertain a profound admiration. Some of the master's work, he added, had been destroyed, or replaced by that of "qualche muratore"; but he assured us that in the groups which had been preserved we should at once recognize the touch of an eminent hand. As he led the way he smilingly referred to Giovanni Gonnelli's legendary blindness, which plays a most picturesque part in the artist's biography. The monk explained to us that Gonnelli was blind of only one eye, thus demolishing Baldinucci's charming tradition of portrait-busts executed in total darkness to the amazement of popes and princes. Still, we suspected our guide of adapting his hero's exploits to the incredulity of the unorthodox, and perhaps secretly believing in the anecdotes over which he affected to smile. On the threshold of the first chapel he paused to explain that some of the groups had been irreparably injured during the period of neglect and abandonment which followed the suppression of the monastery. The government, he added, had seized the opportunity to carry off from the church the Presepio in high relief which was Gonnelli's masterpiece, and to strip many of the chapels of the escutcheons in Robbia ware that formerly ornamented the ceilings. "Even then, however," he concluded, "our good fathers were keeping secret watch over the shrines, and they saved some of the escutcheons by covering them with whitewash; but the government has never given us back our Presepio."

Having thus guarded us against possible disillusionment, he unlocked the door of the first chapel on what he declared to be an undoubted work of the master--the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Disciples.

This group, like all the others at San Vivaldo, is set in a little apsidal recess at the farther end of the chapel. I had expected, at best, an inferior imitation of the seventeenth-century groups in the more famous Via Crucis of Varallo, but to my surprise I found myself in the presence of a much finer, and apparently a much earlier, work. The figures, which are of life-size, are set in a depressed arch, and fitted into their allotted space with something of the skill which the Greek sculptors showed in adapting their groups to the slope of the pediment. In the centre, the Virgin kneels on a low column or pedestal, which raises her partially above the surrounding figures of the disciples. Her attitude is solemnly prayerful, with a touch of nun-like severity in the folds of the wimple and in the gathered plaits of the gown beneath her cloak. Her face, furrowed with lines of grief and age, is yet irradiated by an inner light; and her hands, like those of all the figures hitherto attributed to Gonnelli, are singularly graceful and expressive. The same air of uncton, of what the French call *recueillement*, distinguishes the face and attitude of the kneeling disciple on the extreme left; and the whole group breathes that air of devotional simplicity usually associated with an earlier and less worldly period of art.

Next to this group, the finest is perhaps that of "Lo Spasimo," the swoon of the Virgin at the sight of Christ bearing the cross. It is

the smallest of the groups, being less than life-size, and comprising only the figure of the Virgin supported by the Marys and by two kneeling angels. There is a trace of primitive stiffness in the attempt to render the prostration of the Virgin, but her face expresses an extremity of speechless anguish which is subtly contrasted with the awed but temperate grief of the woman who bends above her; while the lovely countenances of the attendant angels convey another shade of tender participation: the compassion of those who are in the counsels of the Eternal, and know that

*\_In la sua volontade è nostra pace\_.*

In this group the artist has attained to the completest expression of his characteristic qualities: refined and careful modelling, reticence of emotion, and that “gift of tears” which is the last attribute one would seek in the resonant but superficial art of the seventeenth century.

Among other groups undoubtedly due to the same hand are those of Christ Before Pilate, of the Ascension, and of the Magdalen bathing the feet of Christ. In the group of the Ascension the upper part has been grotesquely restored; but the figures of the Virgin and disciples, who kneel below, are apparently untouched, and on their faces is seen that look of wondering ecstasy, that reflection of the beatific vision, which the artist excelled in representing. In every group of the series his Saint John has this luminous look; and in that of the Ascension it brightens even the shrewd bearded countenances of the older disciples. In the scene of Christ before Pilate the figure of Pilate is especially noteworthy: his delicate incredulous lips seem just framing their immortal interrogation. Our guide pointed out that the Roman lictor in this group, who raises his arm to strike the accused Christ, has had his offending hand knocked off by the zeal of the faithful.

The representation of the Magdalen bathing the feet of Christ is noticeable for the fine assemblage of heads about the supper-table. Those of Christ and of his host are peculiarly expressive; and Saint John's look of tranquil tenderness contrasts almost girlishly with the majestic gravity of the neighbouring faces. The Magdalen herself is less happily executed; there is something actually unpleasant in her ramping four-footed attitude as she crawls toward the Christ, and the figure is probably by another hand. In the group of the Crucifixion, for the most part of inferior workmanship, the figures of the two thieves are finely modelled, and their expression of anguish has been achieved with the same sobriety of means which marks all the artist's effects. The remaining groups in the chapels are without special interest, but under the portico of the church there are three fine figures, possibly by the artist of the Spasimo, representing Saint Roch, Saint Linus of Volterra, and one of the Fathers of the Church.

There are, then, among the groups of San Vivaldo, five which appear to be by the same master, in addition to several scattered figures

presumably by his hand; all of which have always been attributed to Giovanni Gonnelli, the blind pupil of Pietro Tacca. The figures in these groups are nearly, if not quite, as large as life; they have all been rudely repainted, and are entirely unglazed, though framed in glazed mouldings of the familiar Robbian style.

Professor Ridolfi's information was confirmed by the local tradition, and there seemed no doubt that the groups of San Vivaldo had always been regarded as the work of Gonnelli, an obscure artist living at a time when the greatest masters produced little to which posterity has conceded any artistic excellence. But one glance at the terra-cottas sufficed to show that they could not have been modelled in mid-seventeenth century: neither their merits nor their defects belonged to that period of art. What had the sculptor of San Vivaldo in common with the pupils of Giovanni Bologna and Il Fiammingo, that tribe of skilled craftsmen who peopled every church and palace in Italy with an impersonal flock of Junos and Virgin Marys, Venuses and Magdalens, distinguishable only by their official attributes? The more closely I studied the groups, the more the conviction grew that they were the work of an artist trained in an earlier tradition, and still preserving, under the stiffening influences of convention, a touch of that individuality and directness of expression which mark the prime of Tuscan art. The careful modelling of the hands, the quiet grouping, so free from effort and agitation, the simple draperies, the devotional expression of the faces, all seemed to point to the lingering influences of the fifteenth century; not indeed to the fresh charm of its noon, but to the refinement, the severity, of its close. The glazed mouldings enclosing the groups, and the coloured medallions with which the ceilings of the chapels are decorated, suggested a direct connection with the later school of the Robbias; and as I looked I was haunted by a confused recollection of a Presepio seen at the Bargello, and attributed to Giovanni della Robbia or his school. Could this be the high-relief which had been removed from San Vivaldo?

On returning to Florence I went at once to the Bargello, and found, as I had expected, that the Presepio I had in mind was indeed the one from San Vivaldo. I was surprised by the extraordinary resemblance of the heads to some of those in the groups ascribed to Gonnelli. I had fancied that the modeller of San Vivaldo might have been inspired by the Presepio of the Bargello; but I was unprepared for the identity of treatment in certain details of hair and drapery, and for the recurrence of the same type of face. The Presepio undoubtedly shows greater delicacy of treatment; but this is accounted for by the fact that the figures are much smaller, and only in partial relief, whereas at San Vivaldo they are so much detached from the background that they may be regarded as groups of statuary. Again, the glaze which covers all but the faces of the Presepio has preserved its original beauty of colouring, while the groups of San Vivaldo have been crudely daubed with fresh coats of paint, and even of whitewash; and the effect of the Presepio is farther enhanced by an excessively ornate frame of fruit-garlanded pilasters, as well as by its charming predella with



small scenes set between panels of arabesque. Altogether, it is a far more elaborate production than the terra-cottas of San Vivaldo, and some of its most graceful details, such as the dance of angels on the stable-roof, are evidently borrowed from the earlier *répertoire* of the Robbias; but in spite of these incidental archaisms no one can fail to be struck by the likeness of the central figures to certain of the statues at San Vivaldo. The head of Saint Joseph in the Presepio, for instance, with its wrinkled penthouse forehead, and the curled and parted beard, suggests at once that of the disciple seated on the right of Saint John in the house of the Pharisee; the same face, though younger, occurs again in the Pentecostal group, and the kneeling female figure in the Presepio is treated in the same manner as the youngest Mary in the group of the Spasimo: even the long rolled-back tresses, with their shell-like convolutions, are the same.

The discovery of this close resemblance deepened the interest of the problem. It seemed hardly credible that a work of such artistic significance as the Via Crucis of San Vivaldo should not long since have been studied and classified. In Tuscany especially, where every phase of fifteenth-century art, including its prolongation in the succeeding century, has been traced and analyzed with such scrupulous care, it was inconceivable that so interesting an example of an essentially Italian style should have escaped notice. There could be no doubt that the groups belonged to the period in question. Since it was impossible not to reject at once the hypothetical seventeenth-century artist content to imitate with servile accuracy a manner which had already fallen into disfavour, it was necessary to assume that a remarkable example of late *quattro-cento* art had remained undiscovered, within a few hours' journey from Florence, for nearly four hundred years. The only reasonable explanation of this oversight seemed to be that, owing to the seclusion of the monastery of San Vivaldo, the groups had never acquired more than local fame, and that, having possibly been restored in the seventeenth century by Giovanni Gonnelli or one of his pupils, they had been ascribed to him by a generation which, having ceased to value the work of the earlier artist, was profoundly impressed by the miraculous skill of the blind modeller, and eager to connect his name with the artistic treasures of the monastery.

To the infrequent sight-seers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there would be nothing surprising in such an attribution. The perception of differences in style is a recently-developed faculty, and even if a student of art had penetrated to the wilds of San Vivaldo, he would probably have noticed nothing to arouse a doubt of the local tradition. The movement toward a discrimination of styles, which came in the first half of the nineteenth century, was marked, in the study of Italian art, by a contemptuous indifference toward all but a brief period of that art; and the mere fact that a piece of sculpture was said to have been executed in the seventeenth century would, until very lately, have sufficed to prevent its receiving expert attention. Thus the tradition which ascribed the groups of San Vivaldo to Giovanni

Gonnelli resulted in concealing them from modern investigation as effectually as though they had been situated in the centre of an unexplored continent, and in procuring for me the rare sensation of an artistic discovery made in the heart of the most carefully-explored artistic hunting-ground of Europe.

My first care was to seek expert confirmation of my theory; and as a step in this direction I made arrangements to have the groups of San Vivaldo photographed by Signor Alinari of Florence. I was obliged to leave Italy before the photographs could be taken; but on receiving them I sent them at once to Professor Ridolfi, who had listened with some natural incredulity to my description of the terra-cottas; and his reply shows that I had not overestimated the importance of the discovery.

“No sooner,” he writes, “had I seen the photographs than I became convinced of the error of attributing them to Giovanni Gonnelli, called Il Cieco di Gambassi. I saw at once that they are not the work of an artist of the seventeenth century, but of one living at the close of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century; of an artist of the school of the Robbias, who follows their precepts and possesses their style.... The figures are most beautifully grouped, and modelled with profound sentiment and not a little bravura. They do not appear to me to be all by the same author, for the Christ in the house of the Pharisee seems earlier and purer in style, and more robust in manner; also the swoon of the Madonna, ... which is executed in a grander style than the other reliefs and seems to belong to the first years of the sixteenth century.

“The fact that these terra-cottas are not glazed does not prove that they are not the work of the Robbia school; for Giovanni della Robbia, for example, sometimes left the flesh of his figures unglazed, painting them with the brush; and this is precisely the case in a Presepio of the National Museum” (this is the Presepio of San Vivaldo), “a work of the Robbias, in which the flesh is left unglazed.

“I therefore declare with absolute certainty that it is a mistake to attribute these beautiful works to Giovanni Gonnelli, and that they are undoubtedly a century earlier in date.”



## “WAY DOWN EAST”

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Life and Lillian Gish*, by Albert Bigelow Paine

Griffith now began work on his greatest melodrama. “Way Down East” had been successful as a book and a play, and was precisely the sort of thing he could do best. From William A. Brady, for a large sum, he secured the picture rights, and plunged into production. There were to be two great outdoor scenes: a blizzard, in which the heroine, who has been inveigled into a mock marriage—and is, therefore, under the New England code, fallen and outcast—is lost; and the frozen river, which, blinded and desperate, she reaches, to be carried to the falls on a cake of ice. There was very little that was artificial about such scenes, in that day: the blizzard had to be a real one, the ice, real ice—most of it, at any rate. Griffith began rehearsing some scenes at Claridge’s Hotel, in New York, continuing steadily for eight weeks; but all the time there was an order that in case of a blizzard, night or day, all hands were to report at the Mamaroneck studio. Lillian had taken Stanford White’s house on Orienta Point. Reading the play, she knew it was going to be an endurance test, and went into training for it. Cold baths, walks in the cold against the wind, exercises ... she had faith in her body being equal to any emergency, if prepared for it. In a magazine article, a few years later, she wrote:

The memorable day of March 6th arrived, and with it a snow-storm and a ninety-mile-an-hour gale. As I was living at Mamaroneck, near the studio, I quickly reported, and was made up as Anna Moore, ready but not eager for the work to be done. The scene to be taken was the one just after the irate Squire Bartlett turns Anna out of the house into the storm. Dazed and all but frozen, she wanders about through the snow, and finally to the river.

The Griffith studio was on a point or arm well out in Long Island Sound. The wind swept this narrow strip with great fury. The cameras had their backs to the gale. She had to face it.

She had been out only a short time when her face became caked with snow. Around her eyes this would melt—her lashes became small icicles. Griffith wanted this, and brought the cameras up close. Her lids were so heavy she could scarcely keep them open.

No need of spectacular “falls.” The difficulty was to keep her feet. She was beaten back, flung about like a toy. Her face became drawn and twisted, almost out of human semblance. When she could stand no more, and was half-unconscious, they would pull her back to the studio on a little sled and give her hot tea. A brief rest and back to the gale. Griffith had invested a large sum in the picture, and she must make good. One could not count on another blizzard that season. Harry Carr writes:

That blizzard scene in “Way Down East” was real. It was taken in the most God-awful blizzard I ever saw. Three men lay flat to hold

the legs of each camera. I went out four times, in order to be a hero, but sneaked back suffocated and half dead. Lillian stuck out there in front of the cameras. D. W. would ask her if she could stand it, and she would nod. The icicles hung from her lashes, and her face was blue. When the last shot was made, they had to \_carry\_ her to the studio.

A week or two later, they were at White River Junction. Vermont, for the ice scenes. Griffith took a good many of his company, and they put up at an old-fashioned hotel, a place of hospitality and good food.

White River Junction is at the confluence of the White and the Connecticut rivers. There is no fall there, but the current moves at the rate of six miles an hour, and the water is deep. The ice was from twelve to sixteen inches thick, and a good-sized piece of it made a fairly safe craft, but it was wet and slippery, and \_very cold\_. It was frozen solid when they arrived; had to be sawed and dynamited, to get pieces for the floating scene. Lillian conceived the idea of letting her hand and hair drag in the water. It was effective, but her hand became frosted; the chances of pneumonia increased. To the writer, recently, Richard Barthelmess, who had the star part opposite Lillian, said:

“Not once, but twenty times a day, for two weeks, Lillian floated down on a cake of ice, and I made my way to her, stepping from one cake to another, to rescue her. I had on a heavy fur coat, and if I had slipped, or if one of the cakes had cracked and let me through, my chances would not have been good. As for Lillian, why she did not get pneumonia, I still can’t understand. She has a wonderful constitution. Before we started, Griffith had us insured against accident, and sickness. Lillian, frail as she looked, was the only one of the company who passed one hundred percent perfect—condition and health.

“No accidents happened: The story that I missed a signal and did not reach Lillian in time, and that she came near going over the falls, would indicate that she made the float on the ice-cake but once. As I say, she made it numberless times, and there were \_no falls\_. Lillian was never nervous, and never afraid. I don’t think either of us thought of anything serious happening, though when I was carrying her, stepping from one ice-cake to another, we might easily have slipped in. I would not make that picture again for any money that a producer would be willing to pay for it.”

[Illustration: “ANNA MOORE”]

At the end of the ice scene, there is an instant when the cake, at the brink of a fall, seems to start over, just as Barthelmess, carrying Lillian, steps from it to another, and another, half slipping in before he reaches the bank.

The critical moment at the brink of the fall was made in summer-time, at Winchell Smith’s farm, near Farmington, Connecticut. The ice-cakes here

were painted blocks of wood, or boxes, and were attached to piano wire. There was a real fall of fifteen feet at this place, and once, a carpenter went over and was considerably damaged. In the picture, as shown, Niagara was blended into this fall, with startling effect.

Barthelmess remembers that Lillian kept mostly to herself. She took her work very seriously—too much so, in the opinion of her associates. But once there was a barn-dance at the hotel, in which she joined; and once she and Barthelmess drove over to Dartmouth College, not far distant, with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clifton, to a dinner given them by Barthelmess's fraternity. After dinner, they heard a great tramp, tramp, and someone said to Lillian: "It's the college boys, coming to kidnap you." They sometimes did such things, for a lark.

But they only wanted to pay their respects. They gathered outside the window, which Mr. Clifton opened, and both Lillian and Barthelmess spoke to them through it.

The summer scenes of "Way Down East" were made at Farmington and at the Mamaroneck studio. Griffith had selected a fine cast, among them Lowell Sherman, the villain; Burr McIntosh, as Squire Bartlett; Kate Bruce, his wife; Mary Hay, their niece; and Vivia Ogden, the village gossip. The scene where Squire Bartlett drives Anna Moore from his home, was realistic in its harshness, and poor Burr McIntosh, a sweet soul who long before had played Taffy in "Trilby," and who loved Lillian dearly, could never get over having been obliged to turn her out into the storm. Often, in after years, he begged her to forgive him.

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A few minor incidents, connected with the making of "Way Down East," may be recalled: Griffith had spent a great sum of money for the rights—\$275,000, it is said—and was spending a great many more thousands producing it. He was naturally on a good deal of a tension. All were working to the limit of their strength, but they could not hold the pitch indefinitely. When Barthelmess, who is short, had to stand on a two-inch piece of board, to cope on terms of equality with Lowell Sherman, Sherman, who was a trained actor of the stage, could, and did, make invisible side remarks which made Barthelmess laugh. Whereupon, Griffith raged at the waste of time and film, and everybody was sorry, the villain penitent. "Stop that laughing! Turn around and face the camera," were sharp admonitions perpetuated by a right-about-face in the picture to this day.

It was harsh in form, rather than by intention. They did not resent these scoldings. They believed in Griffith, knew something of his problems, wanted him to make good.

There was one scene during which Griffith had no word to offer—the scene in which Anna Moore (Lillian) baptizes her dying child. Harry Carr writes:

The only time I ever saw a stage-hand cry was in the baptism scene in “Way Down East.” It was made in a boxed-off corner, with only D. W., Lillian, the camera-man, a stage-hand and myself there. Everybody cried. It never made the same impression on the screen, because it was necessary to interrupt the action with the sub-titles. You saw her dripping the water on the baby’s head; then a sub-title flashed on, saying: “In the Name of the Father, etc.,” and the spell was broken.

Carr, Lillian and Griffith would sit far into the night, watching rushes from the scenes made the day before. It was a drowsy occupation—so many of the same thing—and after a day in the open, it was not surprising that Carr should nod. Across a misty plain of sleep, Griffith’s voice would come to him: “Which shot do you like best, Carr?”

It is noticeable in the baptism scene, that Lillian sits relaxed, her knees apart; that when she leaves the house, she walks with a dragging step, as one who had recently experienced the struggle and agonies of child-birth. It has been suggested that she had visited a maternity hospital for these details. When asked, she said:

“No, I did not do that. There was an old woman connected with the studio, who had borne a number of children. She told me all that I needed to know. I learned something, too, from pictures of the Madonna, by old masters. I noticed in all of them that the Madonna sat with her knees apart. I felt that there must be a good reason for painting her in that way.”

She had studied out every detail of the scenes she was to play. Many actors, even among the best, work by another method. They absorb the feeling of the plot, fling themselves into a scene, depending upon an angel to kindle the divine fire. This method never was Lillian’s. To her, the bush never of itself became a burning bush. She lit the fire and tended it. She knew the effect she wanted to produce, and found no research too tedious, no rehearsal too long—no effort too great, to achieve her end.

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“Way Down East” was shown in October. Griffith, with Lillian and Barthelmess, were present in person, in the larger cities. It was like a triumphal tour. To present the “world’s darling” in scenes of actual danger, on the screen, and then have her appear in person, was to invite something in the nature of a riot. Reporters indulged in the most extravagant language. And there was a freshet of poetry, and of letters—love-letters, many of them, but letters, also, from persons distinctly worthwhile. David Belasco, whose “most beautiful blonde” verdict had long since gone into the discard, *démodé*, wrote:

\_Dear Lillian Gish\_,

It was a revelation to see the little girl who was with me only a few years ago, moving through the pictured version of “Way Down East” with such perfect acting. In this play, you reach the very highest point in action, charm and delightful expression. It made me happy, too, to see how you and your name appeal to the public.

Congratulations on a splendid piece of work, and good wishes for your continued success.

Faithfully,  
DAVID BELASCO

John Barrymore went even further, when he wrote:

\_My dear Mr. Griffith\_ :

I have for the second time seen your picture of “Way Down East.” Any personal praise of yourself or your genius regarding the picture I would naturally consider redundant and a little like carrying coals to Newcastle....

I have not the honor of knowing Miss Gish personally and I am afraid that any expression of feeling addressed to her she might consider impertinent. I merely wish to tell you that her performance seems to me to be the most superlatively exquisite and poignantly enchaining thing that I have ever seen in my life.

I remember seeing Duse in this country many years ago, when I imagine she must have been at the height of her powers—also Madame Bernhardt—and for sheer technical brilliancy and great emotional projection, done with an almost uncanny simplicity and sincerity of method, it is great fun and a great stimulant to see an American artist equal, if not surpass, the finest traditions of the theatre.

I wonder if you would be good enough to thank Miss Gish from all of us who are trying to do the best we know how in the theatre.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,  
JOHN BARRYMORE

Mrs. Gish, who was not a motion-picture enthusiast, made a single comment:

“Well, young lady,” she said, “you’ve set quite a high mark for yourself. How are you going to live up to it?”

[Illustration: THE RIVER SCENE IN “WAY DOWN EAST”]

“Way Down East” was one of the most popular and profitable pictures ever made. Net returns from it ran into the millions. It has had several revivals, and at the present writing (Winter, 1931), is being shown at the Cameo Theatre, New York, “with sound.” Its day, however, is over. Taste has changed—has become what an older generation might regard as unduly sophisticated, depraved. This, with mechanical advancement—the talking feature, for instance—tells the story. A picture of even ten years ago—five years ago—is without a public.

“Way Down East” is a melodrama, but one that at moments rises to considerable heights. Putting aside the spectacular features of the picture—the blizzard and the ice-drift, where melodrama is raised to the nth degree—the scene where the villain reveals to his victim that their marriage was a mockery, the scene where Anna Moore, about to be turned out into the storm, denounces her betrayer, and the baptismal scene, already mentioned, are drama, and, as Lillian Gish gave them, worthy.

And, after all, what is, and is not, melodrama—and cheap. Cheap—because it is human. That is why we have invented for ourselves a hereafter—a place away from it all—of rest by green fields and running brooks. Very well, let us agree that the play was cheap, especially the comedy, which was low comedy and about the record in that direction. But if Lillian’s acting was cheap, and poor, then there is very little to be said for any acting, which, God knows, may be true enough, after all!